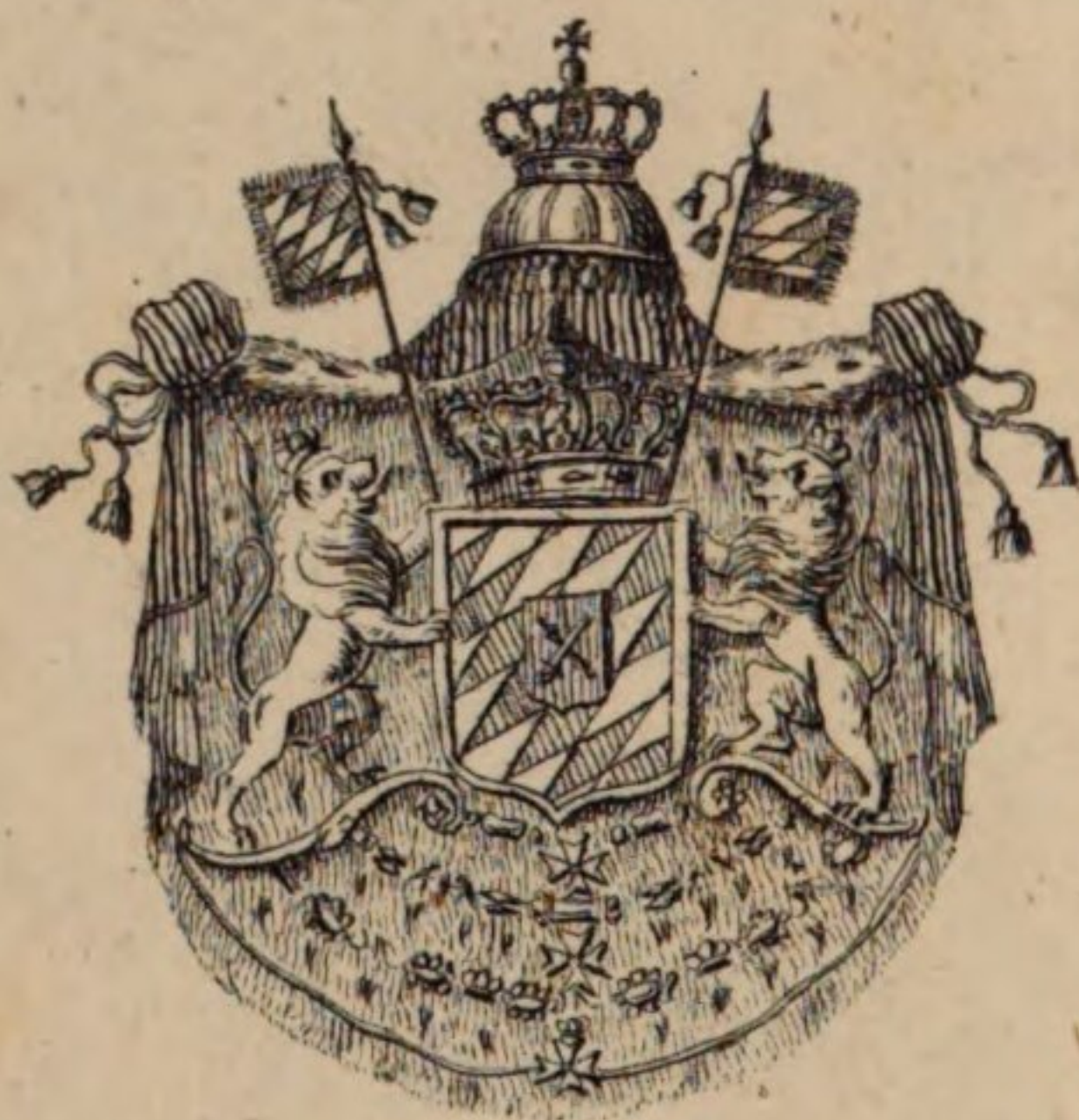


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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
NICHOLAS ROWE.
WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

Next Shakespeare skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere;
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave. POPE.

Enough for him that Congreve was his friend,
That Garth, and Steele, and Addison commend,
That Brunswick with the bays his temples bound,
And Parker with immortal honours crown'd, AMHURST.

O Sacred Shade! thy Writings shall be read
Till even arts are with their founders dead;
Whilst friendship burns within a faithful breast
Thy name be cherish'd and thy worth confest:
Oblivion is the common mortal's doom,
But thou shalt live when dead, and flourish in the tomb!
BECKINGHAM

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row:
And sold by all the Booksellers in
Great-Britain and
Ireland.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
NICHOLAS ROWE.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,	SONGS,
EPISTLES,	PROLOGUES,
EPIGRAMS,	EPILOGUES,
ODES,	IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

Surprise or Joy alike to yield
Thy various artful Muse was made,
To dress the warrior for the field,
Or paint the lover in his shade.-----

Such force fair Virtue does impart
By thee presented to our view,
It moves and melts each stubborn heart;
Her brightness cannot quite subdue.----

Would she once more her skies forsake,
What other features could she chuse,
what fairer form the goddess take,
To bless mankind, than from thy Muse?

NEWCOMB.

London:

PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED

Under the Direction of

C. COOKE.

THE
POLITICAL WORKS
OF
NICHOLAS BOWEN

EDITED BY
J. B. BOWEN
AND
J. B. BOWEN

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LIFE OF ROWE.

NICHOLAS ROWE, an author much esteemed for his dramatic writings, was born in the year 1673, and descended from a family which possessed a good estate at Lamberton in the county of Devon. His ancestor had acquired renown in the holy war, and transmitted to posterity his heroic achievements, in the arms borne by the family. His father, John Rowe, who was the first that quitted rural life, and the delightful as well as salutary employment of cultivating his paternal lands, for any lucrative profession; applied himself to the study of the law, in which he acquired such a competent knowledge as raised him to the degree of Serjeant, when he published Benlow's and Dallison's Reports in the reign of James II. This undertaking offered him an opportunity of defending, in a preface, the liberties of the subjects, from the encroachments of the crown, as had been the undeviating practice of his ancestors, amidst all the changes of government. He died April the thirtieth, and was interred in the Temple church.

Nicholas Rowe was initiated in classical learning at a private school at Highgate, and thence removed to Westminster, where, at the age of twelve years, he was elected one of the King's scholars. His genius and application soon recommended him to the favourable regard of his master, Dr. Busby, who never failed to countenance merit, and he was admired throughout the school for the accuracy and facility with which he wrote his exercises in different languages.

His father designing him for the profession of the law, removed him, at the age of sixteen, from Westminster school to the Middle Temple, where he was entered a student, and applied himself with such diligence and perseverance, as enabled him, in the course of a short time, to gain a very comprehensive knowledge of the law, not merely as a series of precedents,

but a system founded on impartial justice, and calculated to promote the general good of mankind.

At the age of nineteen he was freed, by the death of his father, from that control to which he had necessarily been subject from early life, and left at liberty to prosecute those studies which were most congenial to his disposition; so that law gave way to poetry, and he found Euripides, Sophocles, and Shakespear to possess more charms than Blackstone, Coke, or Littleton. He soon gave proofs of the bent of his genius for dramatic writings; and, at the age of twenty-five, produced his first tragedy, "The Abitious Step-mother," which was acted at the theatre in Lincolns-Inn-Fields, and met with so favourable a reception, as induced him, from that time, to direct his attention principally to the more elegant departments of literary composition.

This tragedy, though it may be conducted with less judgment than any other of our author's dramatic productions, possesses much animation: the business is precipitate, the characters are active. "The purity of the language;" says, Dr. Welwood (who wrote a life of Rowe, with comments on his works) "the justness of his characters, the noble elevation of the sentiments, were all of them admirably adapted to the plan of the play."

His next tragedy was Tamerlane, performed at the same theatre in 1702. In this tragedy he introduced two highly contrasted characters, Tamerlane and Bagazet; the one as descriptive of King William, III. the other of Lewis, XIV. Dr. Welwood says this was the tragedy he valued most, and which Dr. Johnson observes, probably, by the help of auxiliaries, excited most applause. It was acted for a series of years regularly on the fourth of November, in commemoration of the landing of King William, but has been discontinued for some years past; whether from a declension of revolutionary principles, or any other cause, we pretend not to determine. Johnson remarks that, "the virtues of Tamerlane have been arbitrarily assigned
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ed to the British Monarch by his poet, as history gives him no other qualities than those which make him a conqueror; besides the fashion of the time was to accumulate upon Lewis all that can raise horror and detestation, and whatever good was withheld from him, that it might not be thrown away, was bestowed upon King William;" and the Doctor, with his usual point, further observes, "that our quarrel with Lewis being now over, it gratifies neither zeal nor malice to see him painted with aggravated features, like a Saracen upon a sign."

Dr. Welwood, who differs in opinion with Johnson, says that "the glorious ambition in Tamerlane, to break the chains of enslaved nations, and to set mankind free from the encroachments of lawless power, is painted in the most lively as well as the most amiable colours. On the other side, his manner of introducing on the stage, a prince whose chief aim is to perpetuate his name to posterity, by that havoc and ruin he scatters through the world, are all drawn with that pomp of horror and detestation, which such nefarious actions deserve. And since nothing could be more calculated for raising in the minds of the audience a true passion of liberty and a just abhorrence of slavery, how this play came to be discouraged, next to a prohibition in the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, I leave it to others to give a reason."

The Fair Penitent made its appearance in 1703. The plan of this tragedy seems to have been borrowed from Massinger's "Fatal Dowry." It is highly commended by Dr. Johnson, who says it is one of the most pleasing tragedies on the stage, where it still keeps its turn of appearing, and probably will long keep it, for there is scarcely any work of any poet at once so interesting by the fable, and so delightful by the language. The story is domestic, and therefore easily received by the imagination, and assimilated to common life; the diction is exquisitely harmonious, and soft and sprightly as occasion requires. It

It has been observed, and with the greatest justice, that the title of "Fair Penitent" by no means corresponds with the character and behaviour of Calista, who at last shews no evident signs of repentance; but may be reasonably suspected of feeling pain from detection, rather than from guilt, and expresses more shame than sorrow, and more rage than shame.

The character of Sciolto is strongly marked. The conflict between parental affection, and a nice sense of indignity sustained in the loss of his daughter's honour, is displayed in a manner deeply affecting; though the most poignant strokes of adverse fortune cannot justify a persuasive to suicide. Horatio is the most amiable of all characters, and is so sustained as to strike an audience very forcibly. The character of Altamont is deemed, by the actors, one of the most difficult to represent in the drama: there is a kind of pusillanimity in him, joined with an unsuspecting honest heart, and a dotting fondness for the false fair one, which it is very difficult to represent. Altamont, however, is one of the most important persons in the drama; though he is in general beheld with neglect, or perhaps with contempt, and but seldom with pity; but if committed to the representation of a good actor, would highly interest the audience, notwithstanding the bluster of Lothario, and the superior dignity of Horatio; for there is something in the character of Altamont, to excite at once our pity and compassion.

In 1706, his tragedy of Ulysses was acted at the Theatre, in the Haymarket. On its first appearance it met with some success, but being founded on a mythological story, was afterwards consigned to oblivion; though it has some business, passion and tragical propriety, to recommend it. The character of Penelope is an excellent example of conjugal fidelity.

In the course of this year our author deviated from his usual line of writing, and courted the comic, instead of the tragic muse. But Thalia was not so favourable to him as Melpomene; for when his comedy
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of the "Biter" appeared, the audience gave evident tokens of their disapprobation; however, the author was himself so delighted with it, that, according to Johnson's account, he sat in the house laughing, with great vehemence, whenever he had, in his own opinion, produced a jest. But finding that he and the public had no sympathy of mirth, he bid adieu to the comic muse. And, "tried at light scenes no more."

The Royal Convert was acted in 1708. From the motto, *laudatur et alget* it appears to have met with no great success, though it is by no means destitute of merit. The fable of this play is drawn from an obscure and barbarous age, to which fictions are most easily and properly adapted; for when objects are imperfectly seen, they easily assume forms of imagination. The scene lies among our ancestors in our own country, and therefore very easily catches attention. The characters of Hengist and Aribert are finely contrasted, as are also those of Rhodogune and Ethelinda. "Rhodogune," Dr. Johnson says, "is a personage truly tragical, of high spirit, and violent passions; great with tempestuous dignity, and wicked with a soul that would have been heroic had it been virtuous."

In 1714 the tragedy of "Jane Shore" was acted at the theatre in Drury-Lane, and continues to this day to be performed with universal approbation. The author professes it was written in imitation of Shakespeare's style; but we confess we cannot trace the comparison, or in any instance discover the analogy, and therefore must accord with Dr. Johnson in the following brief remarks on this tragedy.

"In what he thought himself an imitator of Shakespeare it is not easy to conceive. The numbers, the diction, the sentiments, and the conduct, every thing in which imitation can consist are remote in the utmost degree from the manner of Shakespeare, whose drama's it resembles, only as it is an English story, and some of the persons have their names in history. This play, consisting

consisting chiefly of domestic scenes and private distress, lays hold upon the heart. The wife is forgiven because she repents, and the husband is honoured because he forgives. This is, therefore, one of those pieces which we still welcome on the stage."

His tragedy of "Lady Jane Gray," was acted in 1715. The subject had been chosen by Mr. Edmund Smith, author of *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, whose papers, at his death, were put into Rowe's hands, consisting of loose hints and short sketches of scenes, such as he describes in his preface. This tragedy is not frequently performed, but whenever it makes its appearance, if the characters are ably sustained, it is well received.

Rowe attempted a tragedy upon the story of the rape of Lucretia in the beginning of the year 1715, when in the country with Pope, and during his stay, their conversation often turned upon the subject of a new tragedy. The death of Charles I. was mentioned, but it was thought too recent; that the character of the present age would be touched in those of their families engaged in that affair, and perhaps some offence in the free speeches of the republicans, given to the crown; it was therefore set aside. Pope advised him to rescue the Queen of Scots out of the hands of Banks, the first author of the Earl of Essex. Rowe said he would consider of it; but if he should attempt it, he would by no means introduce Queen Elizabeth; observing, that where she appeared all the queens and heroines upon earth would make but a little figure.* Other subjects were talked of, but what Rowe himself seemed most inclined to was the Rape of Lucretia. He had written some few verses for the character of Lucretia, but many of the lines were left unfinished,

* Cibber gives this tale a somewhat different turn; his words are, "Mr. Rowe was a great admirer of Queen Elizabeth, and as he could not well plan a play upon the Queen of Scot's story without introducing his favourite princess, he chose to decline it: besides he knew that if he favoured the Northern lady, there was a strong party concerned to crush it, and if he should make her appear less than she was, and throw a shade over her real endowments, he should violate truth, and incur the displeasure of a faction, which though by far the minority in the political list, he knew would be too powerful for a poet to combat with."

nor did any of them receive the last correction from his hand, though there might be seen in them what intitles Rowe to the character given him by Mr. Amhurst, in his poems on the death of Addison, of "Soft complaining Rowe."

As our author by a competent fortune was happily exempted from the necessity of writing on subjects contrary to his inclination, or sending forth hasty productions to procure the means of present existence; he had opportunity of finishing his works to his own approbation, so that they bore few marks of negligence or hurry. It is very singular, that he either did not solicit, or was not proffered the aid of any of his literary friends, in furnishing either prologue or epilogue to any one of his dramatic productions; as they appear to have been all written by himself.

He undertook an edition of Shakespeare's works, to which he prefixed the life of the author. From this publication he derived no great degree of reputation; Johnson, however, admits, that without the pomp of notes, or boast of criticism, he judiciously restored many passages, and at least contributed to the popularity of his author.

Rowe's attachment to poetry did not entirely disqualify him for business; for he filled the office of under-secretary for three years, when the Duke of Queensbury was principal secretary of state. After the death of the duke, the avenues to his preferment being stopped, he passed his time in retirement during the rest of Queen Anne's reign.

A story is related by Spence, that he once applied to Harley, Earl of Oxford for some public employment, and that the Earl enjoined him to study the Spanish language, and when, some time afterwards, he came again, and said that he had acquired a competent knowledge of it, he was dismissed with this congratulation. "Then Sir I envy you the pleasure of reading Don Quixote in the original." This story seems rather improbable; for Harley, who was desirous to be
thought

thought a patron of literature, can hardly be supposed to insult a man of acknowledged merit; and Rowe, who was so zealous a Whig that he did not willingly associate with Tories, it is reasonable to conclude, would not apply for preferment to the leader of the opposite party. Pope, who mentioned the circumstance to a friend, did not say on what occasion the advice was given, and though he owned Rowe's disappointment, doubted whether any injury was intended him, but thought it rather Lord Oxford's *odd way*, as he phrased it. It seems, upon the whole, to have been a kind of squib, which parties are ever disposed to let off upon each other.

When George I. came to the throne, Rowe was made Poet Laureat, in the room of Tate, who died in prison, and in circumstances of extreme indigence: he was likewise made one of the land-surveyors of the port of London. The Prince of Wales chose him Clerk of his Council, and the Lord Chancellor, Parker, as soon as he received the seals, appointed him, unsolicited, Secretary of Presentations.—Such an accumulation of employments, undoubtedly produced a very considerable income.

Having already translated some parts of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, which had been published in the *Miscellanies*, he undertook a version of the whole work, which he lived to finish, but not to publish. He died on the sixth of December, 1718, in the forty-fifth year of his age, and was buried among the poets in Westminster Abbey. A sumptuous monument was afterwards erected to his memory by his wife, for which Mr. Pope wrote an epitaph, which we here insert:

Thy relics, Rowe! to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakespeare place thy honour'd bust:
Oh! next him skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere;
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave.
Peace to thy gentle shade and endless rest!
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
And blest that timely from our scene remov'd
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.
To these so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life,
The childless parent and the widow'd wife

With tears inscribes this monumental stone
That holds their ashes and expects her own.

The lines originally wrote by Mr. Pope, for Rowe's monument, were not the above, but those which follow:

Thy relics, Rowe! to this fair urn we trust,
And sacred place by Dryden's awful dust;
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide enquiring eyes,
Peace to thy gentle shade and endless rest!
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
One grateful woman to thy fame supply'd
What a whole thankless land to his deny'd.

But these lines were afterwards changed for the preceding ones, which we see upon the monument.

The following character is given of Mr. Rowe, by Dr. Welwood, who undertook the care of the publication of his translation of the *Pharsalia*, and prefixed his life to the work.

“As to his person, it was graceful and well made; his face regular, and of a manly beauty. He had a quick and fruitful invention, a deep penetration, and a large compass of thought, with singular dexterity and ease, in making his thoughts understood. He was master of most parts of polite learning, especially the classical authors, both Greek and Latin; understood the French, Italian, and Spanish languages, and spoke the first fluently, and the other two tolerably well. He had likewise read most of the Greek and Roman histories in the original languages, and many that are written in English, French, Italian, and Spanish. He had a good taste in philosophy, and having a firm impression of religion on his mind, he took great delight in divinity and ecclesiastical history. He abhorred the principles of prosecuting men upon account of their principles in religion, and being strict in his own, he took not upon him to censure those of another persuasion. His conversation was pleasant, witty and learned, without the least tincture of affectation or pedantry, and his inimitable manner of diverting and enlivening the company, rendered it impossible for any one to be out of humour when he was in it. Envy and detraction seemed to be entirely foreign to his constitution,

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and whatever provocations he met with, he passed them over without the least thought of resentment or revenge."

"As Homer had a Zoilus, so Mr. Rowe had sometimes his; for there were not wanting malevolent people, and pretenders to poetry too, that would now and then bark at his best performances; but he was so very conscious of his own genius, and had so much good nature, as to forgive them; nor could he ever be tempted to return them an answer. The love of learning and poetry made him not the less fit for business, and nobody applied himself closer to it when it required his attendance."

"When he had just got to be easy in his fortune, and was in a fair way, to make it better, death swept him away, and in him deprived the world of one of the best of men, as well as one of the best of geniuses, of the age. He died like a christian and a philosopher, in charity with all mankind, and with an absolute resignation to the divine will. He kept up his good humour to the last, and took leave of his wife and friends, immediately before his last agony, with the same tranquillity of mind, and the same indifference for life, as though he had been taking but a short journey."

To this character may be added the testimony of Pope, who says, in a letter to his friend Blount, "Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and passed a week in the forest. I need not tell you how much a man of his turn entertained me; but I must acquaint you there is a vivacity and gaiety of disposition almost peculiar to him, which makes it impossible to part from him without that uneasiness which generally succeeds all our pleasures."

A less advantageous mention of his companion is reported by Dr. Warburton. "Rowe," says the Doctor, "in Pope's opinion, maintained a decent character, but had no heart." A conversation is added between Pope and Addison, in which Pope is reported to have mentioned the satisfaction which Rowe, their common friend, expressed at some juncture of Addison's

son's advancement; and Addison is said to have replied, "I do not suspect that; but the levity of his heart is such, that he is struck with any new adventure, and it would affect him just in the same manner, if he heard I was going to be hanged."

Johnson's remark upon this circumstance is equally candid and pertinent. He says, "This censure time has not left us the power of confirming or refuting; but observation daily shews, that much stress is not to be laid on hyperbolical accusations and pointed sentences, which even he that utters them desires to be applauded rather than credited. Addison can hardly be supposed to have meant all that he said. Few characters can bear the microscopic scrutiny of wit quickened by anger; and perhaps the best advice to authors would be, that they should keep out of the way of one another."

But Pope has left behind him a refutation of this censure, in his Epitaph on Rowe," which contains a liberal encomium on his genius, his patriotism, and his sensibility. A more unquestionable testimony to the excellence of his heart, is to be found in the love and esteem of men of the highest reputation, for abilities and virtue, among his contemporaries.

"Enough for him that *Congreve* was his friend,
That *Garth*, and *Steele*, and *Addison* commend.

Rowe, from the concurring opinion of biographers, appears to have been most esteemed as a literary character, for his tragic compositions, and translations. The fate of his "*Biter*," demonstrated his deficiency in comic writing. His beautiful ballad, entitled "Colin's Complaint," is the most popular of his little pieces. It may be ranked with the "Pastoral Ballad" of Shenstone, of which it is supposed by many to have been the model.

With respect to our authors poetical merit; we submit to our readers the following comment of Dr. Welwood.

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"Critics

“ Critics have complained of the sameness of his poetry ; that he makes all his characters speak equally elegant, and has not attended sufficiently to the manners. This uniformity of versification in the opinion of some, has spoiled our modern tragedies, as poetry is made to supply nature, and declamation characters. Admitting that this defect may be attributed to Rowe, it is more than counterbalanced by the sweetness of his cadence, the chastity of his sentiments and the elegance of his language. Softness was the characteristic of his tragedies ; and, excepting Otway, he is more moving than any other poet of that age, and his diction is more excellently dramatic than any other modern author. Cibber informs us that no author consulted the dignity of the stage more, nor expressed greater disdain at the introduction of pantomimes.

It may justly be said of all Rowe's tragedies, that never poet painted virtue, religion, and all the relative and social duties of life in a more alluring dress on the stage, nor were vice and impiety more effectually exposed to contempt and abhorrence. There is nothing found in them to flatter a depraved populace, or humour a fashionable folly : they were written from the heart : he practised the virtue he admired, and exhibited, in the whole tenour of his conduct, a most laudable example.

Dr. Johnson enters into a disquisition of the merits of Rowe, as a dramatic writer, with all the keenness of criticism, for which he is so singularly remarkable, and his observations carry with them that force which is so peculiar to his writings, as is evident from the following remarks.

He says, that “ in the construction of his dramas, there is not much art ; he is not a nice observer of the unities. He extends time, and varies place as his convenience requires. To vary the place, is not, in my opinion, any violation of nature, if the change be made between the acts, for it is no less easy for the spectator to suppose himself at Athens in the second act,

act, than at Thebes in the first: but to change the scene, as is done by Rowe, in the middle of an act, is to add more acts to the play, since an act is so much of the business as is transacted without interruption.

“Rowe, by this licence, easily extricates himself from difficulties; as in *Jane Grey*, when we have been terrified with all the dreadful pomp of public execution, and are wondering how the heroine or the poet will proceed; no sooner has Jane pronounced some prophetic rhymes, than---pals be gone---the scene closes, and *Pembroke*, and *Gardiner* are turned out upon the stage.

“I know not that there can be found in his plays any deep search into nature, any accurate discriminations of kindred qualities, or nice display of passion in its progress; all is general and undefined. Nor does he much interest or affect the auditor, except in *Jane Shore*, who is always seen and heard with pity. *Alicia* is a character of empty noise, with no resemblance to real sorrow or to natural madness.

“Whence then has Rowe his reputation? From the reasonableness and propriety of some of his scenes, from the elegance of his diction, and the suavity of his verse. He seldom moves either pity or terror, but he often elevates the sentiments; he seldom pierces the breast, but he always delights the ear, and often improves the understanding.

“The version of *Lucan** is one of the greatest productions of English poetry, for there is, perhaps, none that so completely exhibits the genius and spirit of the original. *Lucan* is distinguished by a kind of

* Our author, in his last sickness, having desired Dr. Welwood to take the trouble of publishing this book, which is dedicated to the king by his widow according to our poet's desire, the dying request was faithfully executed by that friend, who observes that it was the author's great love of liberty that induced him to undertake this translation, and that perhaps he was farther animated to it by the conduct of the French translator, *Barbeuf*, who had the honest boldness to publish such a work in his native language, so diametrically opposite to the maxims of the prince then reigning, and that too when all other classics were published for the use of the dauphin, and *Lucan* alone prohibited. Mr. Addison, in the *Freeholder*, recommended our author's undertaking from some specimens he had before given the world of it; wherein, says that excellent critic “the fire of the original is not only kept up, but the sentiments delivered with greater perspicuity, and in a tenderer tone of phrase and verse.”

dictatorial or philosophic dignity, rather, as Quintilian observes, declamatory than poetical, full of ambitious morality and pointed sentences, comprised in vigorous and animated lines. This character Rowe has very diligently and successfully preserved. His verses, which are such as his contemporaries practised without any attempt at innovation or improvement, seldom want any melody or force. His author's sense is sometimes a little diluted by additional infusions, and sometimes weakened by too much expansion. But such faults are to be expected in all translations, from the constraint of measures and dissimilitude of languages. The *Pharsalia* of Rowe * deserves more notice than it obtains, and as it is more read will be more esteemed."

* This work will be published in the course of the Translations proposed form a part of our UNIFORM POCKET LIBRARY.



RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ROWE.

BY MR. AMHURST.

FAREWEL the Genius of the British stage,
Farewel the patriot of a madding age,
O Rowe! unhappy deathless Bard! farewel,
Whose worth applauding theatres shall tell;
Oft as thy heroes on the stage appear 5
Each eye to thee shall drop a grateful tear,
Shouts to thy name each grateful voice shall raise,
And clapping crowds in thunder speak thy praise.
Too cruel Death! that would no longer spare
This great recorder of the brave and fair, 10
That in one dreadful instant snatch'd from hence
The best good nature and the finest sense:
Too cruel Death! that could refuse to save
Him that has rescu'd thousands from the grave;
Him that to latest worlds conveys the fame 15
Of Tamerlane and great Ulysses' name;
At whose command departed saints revive,
And in his moving scenes for ever live;
Past times return, and from the mould'ring tomb
Rise up the mighty chiefs of Greece and Rome, 20
Their ancient legions rally on the plain,
And act their former triumphs o'er again.
Touch'd with his powerful magic we deplore
The beauteous Penitent and guilty Shore;
Grey, to appease the wrath of human laws, 25
Bleeds a fair martyr in her Saviour's cause;
Undaunted bleeds, and by his matchless art
The fatal blow wounds ev'ry British heart;
We mourn with beating breasts the greedy stroke,
And yield reluctant to the Romish yoke. 30
Of idols now succeeds a motley band,
And Popery pours in upon the land;

Rage, superstition, massacre, and blood,
Come arm'd from hell against the public good;
Zeal sets on fire the holy Smithfield pile, 35
And Priestcraft rages through the trembling isle.

Well has our loyal Poet set to view
This direful scene, this wonder-working crew,
A bloody tribe of persecuting elves,
That weekly damn all Christians but themselves: 40
His gen'rous soul disdain'd that vain pretence,
So shocking to the Gospel and to sense,
And in his scenes the graceful marks appear
Of Christian freedom and of Christian fear.

Firm to that noble cause which fir'd his mind, 45
He never to a Popish scheme inclin'd,
Nor sought the favours of a Tyburn crowd,
Whose perjur'd hearts to foreign gods have bow'd;
He judg'd it always an inglorious thing
To court their praises who defam'd their king; 50
Enough for him that Congreve was his friend,
That Garth, and Steele, and Addison commend,
That Brunswick with the bays his temples bound,
And Parker with immortal honours crown'd.

Great Lucan now, by his unweary'd pains, 55
Breathes Roman liberty in English strains;
Dying, this wealthy pledge he left behind,
The truest pattern of his freeborn mind.
Four times four ages t'his heroic song
Has lain unlabour'd from its native tongue, 60
Which now, translated with its genuine fire,
Shall noble thoughts of liberty inspire,
Convince the bigot of the weighty truth,
And free from passive chains the British youth.
Too long the useful work has been delay'd, 65
But well that seeming ill is now repaid;
Heav'n but deferr'd to make it more complete;
Not ev'ry bard the glorious theme could treat,
Not ev'ry bard that in mechanic verse
Can a dull love-tale fluently rehearse, 70
And can in lifeless jingling lines complain
Of the false nymph or the forsaken swain;

Vigour of style and fancy must combine
 With majesty of rage and pow'r divine
 To make the English like the Roman shine: 75
 Such must he be as Lucan was of old,
 His figures strong, and his expressions bold;
 With the same constant love of freedom charm'd,
 With the same passion for his country warm'd,
 Whose veins with one unvary'd tenour flow, 80
 Zealous and active like immortal Rowe.

At length, ye Sons of Servitude! awake:
 And from your necks the selfish burden shake,
 Nor blindly nor disdainfully refuse
 This last great labour of the laurell'd Muse; 85
 Pay the just honours to his sacred head,
 Nor whom you envy'd living envy dead:
 Against the dead all violences cease;
 Great Chaucer now and Shakespeare rest in peace;
 Dryden no more the impious world upbraids, 90
 And Milton slumbers in the silent shades.

Thou too, thrice honour'd in that ancient dome
 Where soon or late our British Laureates come,
 Where the fam'd poets of three ages lie,
 And to their tombs invite the curious eye, 95
 Where great Newcastle, still to wit a friend,
 To Dryden bids the stately pile ascend,
 (Immortal, glorious deed! which after times
 Shall celebrate in their exalted rhymes)
 Amongst thy kindred bards thy bones shall trust, 100
 And mix in quiet with poetic dust;
 There no feign'd dangers shall alarm thy breast,
 No factious murmurs interrupt thy rest,
 Banish'd shall be all noise of worldly things,
 Of warring armies and contending kings, 105
 The groundless clamours of th' ambitious gown,
 And Alberoni's crimes shall be unknown;
 Pain loss and sorrow shall be far away,
 Clasp'd in th' embraces of thy native clay,
 'Till the last welcome trump shall bid thee rise,
 Then cloth'd with glory thou'lt ascend the skies. 111

TO THE MEMORY OF
NICHOLAS ROWE, ESQ.

BY MR. BECKINGHAM.

IS then the summons true? does partial Fate
 Retract so early what it gave so late?
 Must the grave chuse?—Must Rowe the tribute pay,
 And Merit moulder with the common clay?
 Is the grim tyrant then so jealous grown? 5
 Strikes he at human fame to build his own?
 Has not th' insulting monarch wreaths enow,
 But must the robber strip the poets brow?
 Let Nature in her hoary years decay,
 And mellow Age drop heavily away, 10
 Let the dull earth-born populace complain,
 And swell the triumphs of his gloomy reign;
 Slaves born for nothing, or themselves alone,
 Die unlamented as they liv'd unknown;
 Let these, proud Victor! tremble at thy nod, 15
 But spare the poet for the public good.
 Does sacred heat prophetic breasts inspire?
 Burns not the poet's with an equal fire?
 From Heav'n a joint commission can he claim,
 His soul as large, as sacred is his name; 20
 Both universal benefits design'd.
 Both sent to govern and to save mankind,
 T' unveil mysterious truths to human sight,
 And set the false bewilder'd judgment right,
 Instructed great ideas to impart, 25
 To warm the bosom and enrich the heart.
 Are we not grateful when the lamp of day
 Shoots forth a genial heat and vernal ray
 To bless the honest rustic's wintry toil,
 And bid the careful anxious florist smile? 30
 Or in some clime where nearer beams abound,
 And heats immod'rate scorch the cleaving ground,
 When some fierce channel from the seven-mouth'd Nile
 Pours forth its plenty on the sunburnt soil,

Cements with lavish streams the gaping earth,
And gives the hidden treasures timely birth?
Do gifts like these our gratitude command?
What debtors are we to the poet's hand,
Whose nobler streams in larger currents roll?
Those but inform the ground, and these the soul. 40
Here, Laurell'd Shade! thy own great image see,
To draw the poet is to picture thee:
Th' extensive thought, th' energy divine,
The flame, the genius, and the soul was thine;
Each various note declares thy master skill, 45
How form'd to write, how worthy to excel.
To virtue steady, to thy country true,
We read the poet and the patriot too.
Does liberty demand thy loftier strain?
We gaze with wonder on thy Tamerlane; 50
Thro' ev'ry scene pursue the godlike cause,
And give the fav'rite hero full applause.
When the shrill trumpet summons him away,
The warm'd spectator shares the bloody fray,
In anxious wishes feels a soldier's pride, 55
Lifts in the war, and combats on his side.
How does he charm when bounteous to distress,
Sedate in fight, and humble in success!
A victor yet without a victor's mind,
He conquers not t'enslave but free mankind, 60
To distant times marks out th' unerring way,
Learns kings to rule and subjects to obey,
Strikes ev'ry bosom with a sacred awe,
And shews the happy age a true Nassau.
Or if some lowly theme the poet claim, 65
Some banish'd lover, or neglected dame,
Love's thousand passions all his skill employ,
The quick alternate tides of grief and joy.
How well he paints the sad extremes of Fate!
How well describes th' unhappy—happy state! 70
Each conscious sinner does his guilt confess,
And awful silence speaks the bard's success;
So well th' expressive miseries are shown,
Some tender breast still makes the woe its own;

The virgin's cheek the moving scene approves, 75
 And artless sighs betray how well she loves ;
 The scornful nymph condemns her long disdain,
 And to her arms invites her injur'd swain.

When some fair wanton * mourns her past desires,
 Love's foul embraces and unlawful fires, 80
 So soft she pleads the pitying audience melt,
 And clear the sinner tho' they damn the guilt.

The Libertine in love † exults a while
 On violated charms and ravish'd spoil,
 But soon his triumphs find a timely date ; 85
 The villain's crimes receive the villain's fate.

But why on single beauties do I dwell,
 When ev'ry finish'd scene is wrote so well ?
 When thy vast works are in themselves repaid,
 And modest Nature owns thy happier aid ? 90

But now the skill is lost, the music o'er,
 And he who charm'd us once can charm no more,
 Envy at last repents her canker'd hate,
 And feels her error in her loss too late.

To native dust now wastes the mortal frame, 95
 And nought survives the poet but his fame ;
 Brave then in that o'er time or envy's rage,
 And be a Lucan to a distant age.

Yes, sacred Shade ! thy Writings shall be read
 Till even arts are with their founders dead ; 100

Whilst friendship burns within a faithful breast,
 Thy name be cherish'd and thy worth confess :
 Oblivion is the common mortal's doom, 103
 But thou shalt live when dead, and flourish in the tomb !

* Jane Shore.

† Lothario, in The Fair Penitent.

A PASTORAL

TO THE HONOURED MEMORY OF MR. ROWE.

BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

DAPHNIS.

SEE! Thyrsis, see! beneath yon spreading thorn,
 Whose blushing berries ev'ry bough adorn,
 The good Menalcas sits, his head reclin'd,
 His crook thrown by, nor seems his flock to mind;
 Down from his eyes the briny torrents roll, 5
 And mighty grief seems lab'ring in his soul:
 The posture speaks a matchless weight of woe;
 Haste, Thyrsis! haste, the sudden cause to know.

THYRS. From whence, Menalcas, do these ills arise,
 Which rack thy breast and overflow thy eyes? 10
 Has from thy ewe some tender lamb been wrung,
 Or has thy fav'rite heifer cast her young?
 Broke are thy folds, by some vile midnight thief,
 Or is Clarissa cause of all this grief?
 Does she in secret bless some other swain? 15
 Why, let her go—her broken faith disdain.

MENAL. No, Thyrsis! no; a subject greater far
 Than flocks, or herds, or fickle women, are
 Claims all these tears, these fruitless tears, I shed;
 Colin, the soft harmonious Colin's dead! 20

DAPH. Is Colin dead? if that sad tale be true,
 Then have we cause to morn as much as you.
 Colin! the pride and darling of the plain,
 Admir'd by ev'ry nymph, caress'd by ev'ry swain.
 Whene'er he tun'd his pipe beneath the shade, 25
 The nodding boughs beat time while Colin play'd,
 The feather'd choir about the shepherd throng,
 And prowling wolves stood list'ning to his song,
 The browsing goats from rocky cliffs descend,
 Charm'd with his voice the savage brutes attend. 30

THYRS. O mighty Pan! who now shall chant thy
 And who record thy fame in tuneful lays? [praise,
 Where is that he of all the sylvan swains
 Can equal Colin's soft harmonious strains?

If the dear subject of his song was love, 35
 Sweet as the Hybla drops his verses prove;
 If glorious liberty the youth asserts,
 How did he warm our souls and fire our hearts!

MENAL. Now ev'ry maxim which the shepherd
 Occurs afresh and dwells in ev'ry thought. [taught
 "Our flocks," said he, "and feather'd kind, produce
 "Their diff'rent offspring for their owner's use; 42
 "For us the wood, the pasture, and the field,
 "Their sev'ral grains and various flowers yield:
 "Not Pan himself can our own rights oppose, 45
 "Or crop without our leave one single rose;
 "A mutual duty still on each depends,
 "We honour Pan, and Pan our flock defends."
 Thus Colin taught us slavish yokes to hate,
 And prize the freedom of our rural state. [appear,

DAPH. See where the nymphs and swains in crowds
 Yew in their hands, their brows sad cypress wear; 52
 In solemn state see two by two they tread,
 And look with downcast eyes and bended head,
 As if not Colin but themselves were dead. 55

THYRS. Hark how the winds in hollow accents
 And humid pearls distil from ev'ry stone! [groan,
 The cooing turtles their lov'd elms decline,
 And goats forsake their fav'rite flow'ry thyme;
 The lambs complaining bleat, the heifers low, 60
 The ox and wether cease their cud to chew;
 The vocal grove laments young Colin dead,
 For him the laurel droops and hangs its verdant head!

AMARYL. Help me, Menalcus! help me to complain,
 To tell to earth, to air, and seas, my pain: 65
 Colin, the dear lov'd Colin! is no more;
 Come all ye Nymphs! and Colin's loss deplore.
 For whom shall we our flow'ry chaplets weave?
 Or who so well deserves the laurel wreath?
 Whom now can point thro' all these groves a man 70
 To celebrate the birth of mighty Pan?
 Like Colin who can Flora's sweets display,
 Or paint the gaudy treasures of her May?

Or who like him can tune the oaten reed,
 Or tread with such a grace th' enamell'd mead ? 75
 Mourn, all ye Nymphs ! your tears incessant shed,
 Your tribute's all too poor for him that's dead.

THYRS. Would but relentless Fate our wishes aid,
 And give to substance back his airy shade,
 As Pluto once Eurydice of old, 80
 A tale I well remember Colin told,
 To purchase that my tears like thine should flow,
 But this is fruitless grief and pageant woe.
 Hark, Amaryllis, hark ! thy bleating lambs
 Amongst the brakes have lost their udder'd dams ; 85
 Haste to retrieve them ere too far they stray,
 And fall to hungry wolves an easy prey. [I'll hold,

AMARYLL. Why, let 'em stray, my crook no more
 My herds no more—no more my flocks I'll fold ;
 No more will I with daisy pink and rose 90
 A garland for the queen of May compose,
 Since Colin's gone, by whom it was confest
 That I of all the nymphs deserv'd it best.
 The winds shall useless prove to fleets at sea,
 And flow'rs supply no honey to the bee, 95
 When, Colin ! I forget to mourn for thee.

MENAL. If Amaryllis, charm'd by Colin's verse,
 Can shed such floods of tears upon his hearse,
 Who then can guess the pain, the anxious throes,
 Which the dear partner of his pleasure knows ? 100
 What agonies of woe rend Daphne's breast !
 She whom he lov'd—and she who lov'd him best :
 Methinks I hear her to her babe complain,
 The only relic of her darling swain :
 The child she tells his ev'ry art and grace, 105
 And with her tears bedews the infant's face,
 Whilst the poor babe, unknowing of her cares,
 Cooes in her face and smiles at all her tears. 108

AN ODE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF N. ROWE, ESQ.

BY THE REV. MR. NEWCOMB.

WHILE o'er thy hearse with sad surprise
 And solemn grief the Muses mourn,
 Permit a stranger's flowing eyes
 To shed their sorrows round thy urn.

4

Just in the bloom of all thy fame,
 Then to assert thy native sky
 Absolves impartial Heav'n from blame,
 And seems as 'twas thy choice to die.

8

Thus the great Cæsar ceas'd to live,
 Thro' vanquish'd worlds his Eagles bore;
 Thus clos'd his fame when Fate could give
 And his bright sword command no more.

12

With smiles he views the glitt'ring blade,
 In that great moment fond to die
 When Rome beheld her hero's shade
 But mount the fairer up the sky.

16

What pensive Muse, now thou art fled,
 Shall o'er Pharsalia's * warriors mourn?
 Whose voice lament the pious dead,
 And kindly weep o'er Pompey's urn?

20

Whose soft relenting verse shall swell
 Each Roman heart with conscious woe?
 Her genius fled Rome's sorrow tell,
 And Cæsar dying o'er his foe?

24

Round his great rival's awful head
 He views a glory still survive,
 Sighing † that fame and virtue dead
 He could not own, or scorn'd alive;

28

* The excellent translation of Lucan by Mr. Rowe.

† Cæsar is reported by the poet to have wept when Pompey's head was brought to him in Egypt.

Nor mingling with the godlike host
Who at Philippi greatly fell,
Each Roman thanks thy pious ghost
That fung his arms and fate so well, 32

The fields of death once more to stain
What future hero will refuse?
Or dying dread one moment's pain
To live for ever in thy Muse? 36

But far, O far before the rest
Great Cato does his arm extend,
And in his smiles his love confest,
Adores thy shade and calls thee friend. 40

Well pleas'd with ev'ry grace adorn'd
So like his own a mind to see,
And the great homage which he scorn'd
To Cæsar's sword he pays to thee. 44

New transport does his breast dilate,
Within his soul new passions rise,
To view Rome's wounds and Pompey's fate
So kindly wept by English eyes. 48

While taught by thee Britannia's isle
His hero's fall relenting views,
He seems beneath his wounds to smile,
And Cæsar's self at last subdued. 52

Afric's rich deserts in thy strains
Ennoble with the patriot's doom,
Excel the flow'ry Latian plains,
And Libya triumphs over Rome; 56

Whose grateful sons to moan the brave
Despairing in thy Muse are seen,
Hiding each faithful warrior's grave
With friendly tears and blooming green. 60

In words like thine had they a choice
Once more above their fate to try,
Thus with their last expiring voice
Would each lament his Rome and die. 64

Surprise or joy alike to yield
Thy various artful Muse was made,
To dress the warrior for the field,
Or paint the lover in his shade. 68

Now in the eager chase of fame
With some brave chief you upward fly,
Now sink, and teach some virgin name
In softer numbers how to die. 72

Those forms which to our wond'ring mind
Thy fancy paints new glories wear,
While love and friendship seem more kind,
And beauty's self appears more fair. 76

Such force fair virtue does impart
By thee presented to our view,
It moves and melts each stubborn heart;
Her brightness cannot quite subdue. 80

While drest in angels purest light,
Her smiling image does appear
Pleasing as beauty to the sight,
Or music to the ravish'd ear. 84

Would she once more her skies forsake
What other features could she chuse,
What fairer form the goddess take,
To bless mankind than from thy Muse? 88

Transported then with fond surprise
The lovely guest we should adore,
And wonder how our partial eyes
Refus'd to own such grace before. 92

Till viewing those deceiving charms
Each breast subdue, we all agree
That pow'r which thus our soul disarms
Was not her own but lent by thee. 96

Greatness no more with all her train
The virtuous mind shall now beguile,
By thee instructed to disdain
When glory calls the Siren's smile. 100

No more renown and specious fame
Shall strive Ambition's rage to hide,
Nor Honour be a treach'rous name
To shade the tyrant's guilty pride. 104

The brave and gen'rous breast to awe,
The honest upright heart to gain,
The coward's hand his sword shall draw,
The courtier's smiles be try'd in vain. 108

Against that dread thy scenes unfold
To arm our breasts in vain we try;
Soon as the tragic tale is told
We melt, we languish, and we die. 112

The soul awhile her ground maintains,
Each death resolving to deride,
But when the captive tells her pains
That softness owns she strove to hide. 116

To view her rage direct the dart
Wakes in our breast a kind surprise,
Speaking the frailty of our heart
By the soft streams that fill our eyes. 120

Eager our souls to bring relief
Swift from their op'ning bosom flow,
To sooth the mourning parent's grief,
Or guard the infant from the blow. 124

So lively has each nymph complain'd
When Fate thy Muse despairing drew,
That tho' we know her sorrows feign'd
Yet still we weep, and think them true. 128

A while we argue to persuade
Our melting eyes to hide their woe,
Till to their view the lovely maid
Reveals her wounds and bids them flow. 132

Thy artful voice with equal ease
Each diff'rent passion can employ,
Now give us pain, but to increase
And from our grief improve our joy. 136

Who in your soft deceiving strains
With those kind conquerors agree,
Who threaten first the dreadful chains
Then set the trembling captive free. 140

What raptures does thy verse infuse
When beauty does the theme inspire!
What heat transports thy soaring Muse
If scenes of war thy bosom fire! 144

While for bright fame or gay delight
Each hero you alike prepare,
Lead the fierce warrior to the fight,
Or the young lover to the fair; 148

Nature, astonish'd at thy art,
Casts on thy Muse a jealous eye,
Her joys unable to impart,
Or longer please when thou art by. 152

The artist thus, his skill to grace,
Some beauteous breathing form design'd,
Forfakes the virgin's cheek, to trace
Features more bright in his own mind. 156

Each glowing charm the canvass fires
Does with delight the nymph surprise,
Who owes that beauty she admires
More to his pencil than her eyes. 160

What tho' our laurels fairer rise,
And from thy ashes date their bloom?
We pay too dearly for the prize
Thus sadly purchas'd by thy doom? 164

Pity, ye Gods! that doubtful dart
Which your mysterious anger threw
Should give at once both joy and smart,
Augment our fame and sorrow too. 168

Just so the skies, severely bright,
Their vengeful lightnings oft employ,
And gild that oak with fairer light
They mean next moment to destroy. 172

How mournful is the only choice
Your heav'ns afford our breast to ease!
Or to lament thy dying voice,
Or never hope our own should please!

176

Thus to the heirs of bright renown
The purple you a while deny,
Who, ere they boast the regal crown,
Must view their king and parent die.

180

Strange! that the glories which we claim
From thy sad fate no pleasures give,
The fair increase of all our fame
The only cause for which we grieve.

184

See Shakespeare's awful rev'rend shade
Rising his fav'rite to adore!
And binds thy brows with laurel, made
By Fame to shade his own before.

188

To thy indulgence pleas'd to owe
The terrors that his Muse imparts,
To swell our eye the scenes of woe,
The moving dread to shake our hearts,

192

The diff'rent fates of all that reign
Distinguish'd in whose Muse appear,
What the good man may hope to gain,
And what the daring tyrant fear.

196

Whose tragic voice shall next presume
To fill our breasts with sad despair?
Or trembling for the lover's doom,
Or anxious for the dying fair?

200

To tears whose sighs her wrongs confess
Our eyes with soft compassion flow,
Teaching thy virgin's feign'd distress
To give our bosom real woe.

204

In vain we ask our reason's aid
To stop our tears or ease our pain;
To view thy fair repenting maid
Each cheek must swell each heart complain.

208

O! sooth her anguish! calm her grief!

O! quickly to her refuge fly!

O! bring the fainting fair relief,

Or with her give us leave to die!

212

Such moving scenes thy Muse unfolds,

Constrain'd its anguish to declare,

A savage heart each bosom holds

That can attend and not despair.

216

What wonders does thy verse contain,

What magic thro' thy numbers flows!

Pleas'd with our grief we then complain,

Then only when we want our woes!

220

No eye those sorrows does refuse

Thy pensive maids expiring give,

Scarce more delighted when thy Muse

Suspends their fate and bids them live.

224

Strange that our cheeks should grieve the more

When you the falling tear restrain!

And to forbid us to deplore

Should only give us greater pain!

228

Thus trembling for her lover's fate

A while the virgin's sorrows flow,

Owning to hear his sighs abate

Her joy more painful than her woe.

232

Oh! may each Muse with sorrows meet

Soft as thy own thy worth declare,

Since nothing but a voice so sweet

Can ever sing a fame so fair.

236

A second life to thy great dead

Thy kind inspiring numbers gave:

Had we that pow'r the tears we shed

Had fell to wet some other grave.

240

Thine like each fabled hero's age

Thyself with virtue didst inspire,

And acting well on life's frail stage

Dost with the same applause retire.

244

MISCELLANIES.

U N I O.

DUM Rosa purpureo suffunditur ora rubore,
Spina gravis nitidi floris amore calet.
Protinus armorum ponit pacatior iras,
Et jam blanda suæ porrigit ora Rosæ.
Ut videt alternis ambas concurrere votis, 5
Quæ regit hortorum maxima Flora, vices,
Fælices jubet hinc coeant in foedera, utrisque
Unus, & ex Uno stemmate surgat honos.
Tu decus æternum, dixit, mea, da, Rosa, Spinæ,
Et tu perpetuam protege, Spina, Rosam. 10

THE UNION.

WHILE rich in brightest red the blushing Rose
Her freshest op'ning beauties did disclose,
Her the rough Thistle from a neighb'ring field
With fond desires and lovers' eyes beheld;
Straight the fierce plant lays by his pointed darts, 5
And wooes the gentle flow'r with softer arts:
Kindly she heard, and did his flame approve,
And own'd the warrior worthy of her love,
Flora, whose happy laws the seasons guide,
Who does in fields and painted meads preside, 10
And crowns the gardens with their flow'ry pride,
With pleasure saw the wishing pair combine
To favour what their goddess did' design,
And did them in eternal union join.
“Henceforth,” she said, “in each returning year, 15
“One stem the Thistle and the Rose shall bear;
“The Thistle's lasting grace thou, O my Rose! shall be,
“The warlike Thistle's arms a sure defence to thee.”

MÆCENAS.

Verses occasioned by the Honours conferred on the Right Honourable the Earl of Halifax, 1714, being that year installed Knight of the most noble order of the Garter.

PHOEBUS and Cæsar once conspir'd to grace
 A noble knight of ancient Tuscan race.
 The monarch, greatly conscious of his worth,
 From books and his retirement call'd him forth,
 Adorn'd the patriot with the civic crown,
 The Consul's fasces and Patrician gown;
 The world's whole wealth he gave him to bestow,
 And teach the streams of treasure where to flow;
 To him he bade the suppliant nations come,
 And on his counsels fix'd the fate of Rome.

10

The god of Wit, who taught him first to sing
 And tune high numbers to the vocal string,
 With jealous eyes beheld the bounteous king.

“Forbear,” he cry'd, “to rob me of my share,
 “Our common fav'rite is our common care; 15
 “Honours and wealth thy grateful hand may give,
 “But Phœbus only bids the poet live.
 “The service of his faithful heart is thine;
 “There let thy Julian star an emblem shine;
 “His mind and her imperial seat are mine. 20
 “Then bind his brow, ye Thespian Maids!” he said;
 The willing Muses the command obey'd,
 And wove the deathless laurel for his head. 28

VERSES.

MADE TO A SIMILE OF POPE'S.

WHILE at our house the servants brawl,
 And raise an uproar in the hall,
 When John the butler and our Mary
 About the plate and linen vary,
 Till the smart dialogue grows rich
 In Sneaking Dog! and Ugly Bitch!
 Down comes my lady, like the Devil,
 And makes them silent all and civil.

Thus cannon clears the cloudy air,
 And scatters tempests brewing there ;
 Thus bullies sometimes keep the peace,
 And one scold makes another cease.

12

ON NICOLINI AND VALENTINI'S

FIRST COMING TO THE HOUSE IN THE HAY-MARKET.

AMPHION strikes the vocal lyre,
 And, ready at his call,
 Harmonious brick and stone conspire
 To raise the Theban wall.

4

In emulation of his praise
 Two Latin Signors come
 A sinking theatre to raise,
 And prop Van's tott'ring dome.

8

But how this last should come to pass
 Must still remain unknown,
 Since these poor gentlemen, alas !
 Bring neither brick nor stone.

12

A POEM

ON THE LATE GLORIOUS SUCCESSES, ETC.

Humbly inscribed to

THE LORD TREASURER GODOLPHIN.

WHILE kings and nations on thy counsels wait,
 And Anna trusts to thee the British state,
 While Fame to thee from ev'ry foreign coast
 Flies with the news of empires won and lost,
 Relates whate'er her busy eyes beheld,
 And tells the fortune of each bloody field,
 While with officious duty crowds attend
 To hail the labours of thy godlike friend,
 Vouchsafe the Muse's humbler joy to hear,
 For sacred numbers shall be still thy care.
 Tho' mean the verse, tho' lowly be the strain,
 Tho' least regarded be the Muse of all the tuneful train
 Yet rise, neglected Nymph ! avow thy flame,
 Assert th' inspiring god, and greatly aim
 To make thy numbers equal to thy theme :

5

10

From Heav'n derive thy verse ; to Heav'n belong
 The counsels of the wise and battles of the strong ;
 To Heav'n the royal Anna owes alone
 The virtues which adorn and guard her throne ;
 Thence is her justice wretches to redress, 20
 Thence is her mercy and her love of peace,
 Thence is her pow'r, her sceptre uncontroll'd,
 To bend the stubborn and repress the bold ;
 Her peaceful arts fierce factions to assuage,
 To heal their breaches and to sooth their rage ; 25
 Thence is that happy prudence which presides
 In each design, and ev'ry action guides ;
 Thence is she taught her shining court to grace,
 And fix the worthiest in the worthiest place,
 To trust at home Godolphin's watchful care, 30
 And send victorious Churchill forth to war.

Arise, ye Nations ! rescu'd by her sword,
 Freed from the bondage of a foreign lord,
 Arise, and join the heroine to bless,
 Behold she sends to save you from distress ; 35
 Rich is the royal bounty she bestows,
 'Tis plenty, peace, and safety from your foes.
 And thou, Iberia ! rous'd at length, disdain
 To wear enslav'd the Gallic tyrant's chain ;
 For see ! the British Genius comes to cheer 40
 Thy fainting sons, and kindle them to war ;
 With her own glorious fires their souls she warms,
 And bids them burn for liberty and arms.
 Unhappy Land ! the foremost once in fame,
 Once lifting to the stars thy noble name, 45
 In arts excelling, and in arms severe,
 The western kingdoms' envy and their fear,
 Where is thy pride, thy conscious honour, flown,
 Thy ancient valour and thy first renown ?
 How art thou sunk among the nations now ! 50
 How hast thou taught thy haughty neck to bow,
 And dropt the warriors wreath inglorious from thy
 Not thus of old her valiant fathers bore [brow!
 The bondage of the unbelieving Moor,

But oft alternate made the victors yield, 55
 And prov'd their might in many a well fought field ;
 Bold in defence of liberty they stood,
 And doubly dy'd their Cross in Moorish blood :
 Then in heroic arms their knights excell'd ;
 The tyrant then and giant then they quell'd : 60
 Then ev'ry nobler thought their minds did move,
 And those who fought for freedom, sigh'd for love.
 Like one those sacred flames united live,
 At once they languish and at once revive ;
 Alike they shun the coward and the slave, 65
 But bless the free, the virtuous, and the brave.
 Nor frown, ye Fair ! nor think my verse untrue ;
 Tho' we disdain that man should man subdue,
 Yet all the free-born race are slaves alike to you.

Yet once again that glory to restore, 70
 The Britons seek the Celtiberian shore.
 With echoing peals at Anna's high command
 Their naval thunder wakes the drowsy land ;
 High at their head, Iberia's promis'd lord,
 Young Charles of Austria, waves his shining sword ;
 His youthful veins with hopes of empire glow, 76
 Swell his bold heart, and urge him on the foe ;
 With joy he reads in ev'ry warrior's face
 Some happy omen of a sure success,
 Then leaps exulting on the hostile strand, 80
 And thinks the destin'd sceptre in his hand.

Nor Fate denies what first his wishes name,
 Proud Barcelona owns his juster claim,
 With the first laurel binds his youthful brows, [flows.
 And, pledge of future crowns, the mural wreath be-
 But soon the equal of his youthful years, 86
 Philip of Bourbon's haughty line, appears :
 Like hopes attend his birth, like glorious grace,
 (If glory can be in a tyrant's race ;)
 In numbers proud he threatens no more from far, 90
 But nearer draws the black impending war ;
 He views his host, then scorns the rebel town,
 And dooms to certain death the rival of his crown.

Now fame and empire, all the nobler spoils
 That urge the hero, and reward his toils, 95
 Plac'd in their view alike their hopes engage,
 And fire their breasts with more than mortal rage.
 Not lawless love, not vengeance, nor despair,
 So daring, fierce, untam'd and furious are
 As when ambition prompts the great to war ; 100
 As youthful kings, when, striving for renown, [crown.
 They prove their might in arms, and combat for a
 Hard was the cruel strife, and doubtful long
 Betwixt the chiefs suspended conquest hung,
 Till forc'd at length, disdaining much to yield, 105
 Charles to his rival quits the fatal field ;
 Numbers and fortune o'er his right prevail,
 And ev'n the British valour seems to fail ;
 And yet they fail'd not all. In that extreme,
 Conscious of virtue, liberty, and fame, 110
 They vow the youthful monarch's fate to share,
 Above distress, unconquer'd by despair,
 Still to defend the town and animate the war.
 But lo ! when ev'ry better hope was past,
 When ev'ry day of danger seem'd their last, 115
 Far on the distant ocean they survey,
 Where a proud navy ploughs its wat'ry way.
 Nor long they doubted, but with joy descry,
 Upon the chief's tall topmasts waving high,
 The British Cross and Belgic Lion fly. 120
 Loud with tumultuous clamour, loud they rear
 Their cries of ecstasy, and rend the air ;
 In peals on peals the shouts triumphant rise,
 Spread swift, and rattle thro' the spacious skies,
 While from below old Ocean groans profound, 125
 The walls, the rocks, the shores, repel the sound,
 Ring with the deaf'ning shock, and thunder all around !
 Such was the joy the Trojan youth express'd,
 Who, by the fierce Rutilian's siege distress'd,
 Where by the Tyrrhene aid at length releas'd ; 130
 When young Ascanius, then in arms first try'd,
 Numbers and ev'ry other want supply'd,
 And haughty Turnus from his walls defy'd :

Sav'd in the town an empire yet to come,
And fix'd the fate of his imperial Rome. 135

But oh! what verse, what numbers, shall reveal
Those pangs of rage and grief the vanquish'd feel!
Who shall retreating Philip's shame impart,
And tell the anguish of his lab'ring heart!
What paint, what speaking pencil, shall express 140
The blended passions striving in his face!
Hate, indignation, courage, pride, remorse,
With thoughts of glory past, the loser's greatest curse.

Fatal Ambition! say what wondrous charms
Delude mankind to toil for thee in arms, 145
When all thy spoils, thy wreaths in battle won,
The pride of pow'r and glory of a crown,
When all war gives, when all the great can gain,
Ev'n thy whole pleasure, pays not half thy pain!

All hail! ye softer happier arts of peace, 150
Secur'd from harms, and blest with learned ease,
In battles, blood, and perils hard, unskill'd,
Which haunt the warrior in the fatal field:

But chief thee, goddess Muse! my verse would raise,
And to thy own soft numbers tune thy praise; 155
Happy the youth inspir'd, beneath thy shade,
Thy verdant ever-living laurels laid!

There safe, no pleasures there, no pains, they know,
But those which from thy sacred raptures flow,
Nor wish for crowns but what thy groves bestow. 160

Me, Nymph divine! nor scorn my humble pray'r,
Receive unworthy to thy kinder care,
Doom'd to a gentler, tho' more lowly fate,
Nor wishing once nor knowing to be great;
Me to thy peaceful haunts inglorious bring, 165

Where secret thy celestial sisters sing,
Fast by their sacred hill and sweet Castalian spring.

But nobler thoughts the victor prince employ,
And raise his heart with high triumphant joy;
From hence a better course of time rolls on, 170
And whiter days successive seem to run;
From hence his kinder fortune seems to date
The rising glories of his future state;

From hence—but oh ! too soon the hero mourns
 His hopes deceiv'd and war's inconstant turns. 175
 In vain his echoing trumpets' loud alarms
 Provoke the cold Iberian lords to arms ;
 Careless of fame, as of their monarch's fate,
 In sullen sloth supinely proud they fate,
 Or to be slaves or free alike prepar'd, 180
 And trusting Heav'n was bound to be their guard,
 Untouch'd with shame the noble strife beheld,
 Nor once essay'd to struggle to the field ;
 But sought in the cold shade and rural seat,
 An unmolested ease and calm retreat ; 185
 Saw each contending prince's arms advance,
 Then, with a lazy dull indifference,
 Turn'd to their rest, and left the world to Chance.
 So when, commanded by the wife of Jove,
 Thaumantian Iris left the realms above, 190
 And swift descending on her painted bow,
 Sought the dull god of sleep in shades below,
 Nodding and slow his drowsy head he rear'd,
 And heavily the sacred message heard ;
 Then with a yawn at once forgot the pain, 195
 And sunk to his first sloth and indolence again.

But oh, my Muse ! th' ungrateful toil forsake,
 Some task more pleasing to thy numbers take,
 Nor chuse in melancholy strains to tell
 Each harder chance the juster cause beset : 200
 Or rather turn, auspicious turn thy flight
 Where Marlborough's heroic arms invite,
 Where highest deeds the poet's breast inspire
 With rage divine, and fan the sacred fire.
 See where at once Ramillia's noble field 205
 Ten thousand themes for living verse shall yield !
 See where at once the dreadful objects rise,
 At once they spread before my wond'ring eyes,
 And shock my lab'ring soul with vast surprise !
 At once the wide extended battles move, 210
 At once they join, at once their fate they prove !
 The roar ascends promisc'ous ; groans and cries,

The drums, the cannons' burſt, the ſhout, ſupplies
One univerſal anarchy of noiſe!
One din confus'd, ſound mixt and loſt in ſound, 215
Echoes to all the frighted cities round!
Thick duſt and ſmoke in wavy clouds ariſe,
Stain the bright day, and taint the purer ſkies;
While flaſhing flames like lightning dart between,
And fill the horror of the fatal ſcene! 220
Around the field, all dy'd in purple foam,
Hate, Fury, and infatiate Slaughter, roam;
Discord with pleaſure o'er the ruin treads,
And laughing wraps her in her tatter'd weeds;
While fierce Bellona thunders in her car, 225
Shakes terrible her ſteely whip from far,
And with new rage revives the fainting war!
So when two currents, rapid in their courſe,
Ruſh to a point, and meet with equal force,
The angry billows rear their heads on high, 230
Daſhing aloft the foaming ſurges fly,
And riſing cloud the air with miſty ſpry;
The raging flood is heard from far to roar,
By liſt'ning ſhepherds on the diſtant ſhore,
While much they fear what ill it ſhould portend, 235
And wonder why the wat'ry gods contend.

High in the miſt Britannia's warlike chief,
Too greatly bold and prodigal of life,
Is ſeen to preſs where death and dangers call;
Where the war bleeds and where the thickeſt fall 240
He flies, and drives confus'd the fainting Gaul.
Like heat diffus'd his great example warms,
And animates the ſocial warriors' arms,
Inflames each colder heart, confirms the bold,
Makes the young heroes, and renews the old. 245
In forms divine around him watchful wait
The guardian Genii of the Britiſh ſtate;
Juſtice and Truth his ſteps unerring guide,
And faithful Loyalty defends his ſide;
Prudence and Fortitude their Marlborough guard, 250
And pleaſing Liberty his labours cheer'd;

But chief the angel of his queen was there,
 The Union Crois his silver shield did bear,
 And in his decent hand he shook a warlike spear ;
 While Victory celestial soars above, 255
 Plum'd like the eagle of imperial Jove,
 Hangs o'er the chief, whom she delights to bless,
 And ever arms his sword with sure success,
 Dooms him the proud oppressor to destroy,
 Then waves her palm, and claps her wings for joy. 260
 Such was young Ammon on Arbela's plain,
 Or such the painter * did the hero feign,
 Where rushing on and fierce, he seems to ride
 With graceful ardour and majestic pride,
 With all the gods of Greece and Fortune on his side.

Nor long Bavaria's haughty prince in vain 266
 Labours the fight unequal to maintain ;
 He sees 'tis doom'd his fatal friend the Gaul
 Shall share the shame, and in one ruin fall ;
 Flies from the foe too oft in battle try'd, 270
 And Heav'n contending on the victor's side,
 Then mourns his rash ambition's crime too late,
 And yields reluctant to the force of Fate.
 So when Æneas thro' night's gloomy shade
 The dreadful forms of hostile gods survey'd, 275
 Hopeless he left the burning town and fled,
 Saw 'twas in vain to prop declining Troy,
 Or save what Heav'n had destin'd to destroy.

What vast reward, O Europe ! shalt thou pay
 To him who sav'd thee on this glorious day ? 280
 Bless him, ye grateful Nations ! where he goes,
 And heap the victor's laurel on his brows.

In ev'ry land, in ev'ry city, freed
 Let the proud column rear its marble head,
 To Marlborough and Liberty decreed : 285
 Rich with his wars, triumphal arches raise,
 To teach your wond'ring sons the hero's praise :

To him your skilful bards their verse shall bring,
For him the tuneful voice be taught to sing, 289
The breathing pipe shall swell, shall sound the trem-
bling string.

O happy thou, where peace for ever smiles,
Britannia! noblest of the ocean's isles,
Fair Queen! who dost amidst thy waters reign,
And stretch thy empire o'er the farthest main,
What transports in thy parent bosom roll'd 295
When Fame at first the pleasing story told!
How didst thou lift thy tow'ry front on high!
Not meanly, conscious of a mother's joy,
Proud of thy son as Crete was of her Jove,
How wert thou pleas'd Heav'n did thy choice approve,
And fixt success where thou hadst fixt thy love! 301
How with regret his absence didst thou mourn!
How with impatience wait his wish'd return!
How were the winds accus'd for his delay!
How didst thou chide the gods who rule the sea, 305
And charge the Nereid nymphs to waft him on his way!

At length he comes, he ceases from his toil,
Like kings of old returning from the spoil:
To Britain and his queen for ever dear,
He comes their joy and grateful thanks to share. 310
Lowly he kneels before the royal seat,
And lays its proudest wreaths at Anna's feet;
While form'd alike for labours or for ease,
In camps to thunder, or in courts to please, 314
Britain's bright nymphs make Marlborough their care,
In all his dangers, all his triumphs share:
Conq'ring he lends the well pleas'd fair new grace,
And adds fresh lustre to each beauteous face;
Britain, preserv'd by his victorious arms, 319
With wondrous pleasure each fair bosom warms,
Lightens in all their eyes, and doubles all their charms.
Ev'n his own Sunderland, in beauteous store
So rich, she seem'd incapable of more,
Now shines with graces never known before;
Fierce with transporting joy she seems to burn, 325
And each soft feature takes a sprightly turn;

New flames are seen to sparkle in her eyes,
 And on her blooming cheeks fresh roses rise;
 The pleasing passion heightens each bright hue,
 And seems to touch the finish'd piece anew, 330
 Improves what Nature's bounteous hand had giv'n,
 And mends the fairest workmanship of Heaven.

Nor joy like this in courts is only found,
 But spreads to all the grateful people round;
 Laborious hinds inur'd to rural toil, 535
 To tend the flocks, and turn the mellow soil,
 In homely guise their honest hearts express,
 And bless the warrior who protects the peace,
 Who keeps the foe aloof, and drives afar
 The dreadful ravage of the wasting war: 340
 No rude destroyer cuts the rip'ning crop,
 Prevents the harvest, and deludes their hope;
 No helpless wretches fly with wild amaze,
 Look weeping back, and see their dwellings blaze;
 The victor's chain no mournful captives know, 345
 Nor hear the threats of the insulting foe;
 But Freedom laughs, the fruitful fields abound,
 The cheerful voice of Mirth is heard to sound,
 And Plenty doles her various bounties round.
 The humble village and the wealthy town 350
 Consenting join their happiness to own.
 What Heav'n and Anna's gentlest reign afford,
 All is secur'd by Marlborough's conqu'ring sword.

O sacred, ever honour'd name! O thou
 That wert our greatest William once below! 355
 What place so'er thy virtues now possess,
 Near the bright source of everlasting bliss,
 Where'er exalted to ethereal height,
 Radiant with stars thou tread'st the fields of light,
 Thy seats divine, thy Heav'n, a while forsake, 360
 And deign the Briton's triumph to partake.
 Nor art thou chang'd, but still thou shalt delight
 To hear the fortune of the glorious fight,
 How fail'd oppression, and prevail'd the right.
 What once below such still thy pleasures are; 365
 Europe and Liberty are still thy care:

Thy great, thy gen'rous, pure, immortal, mind
Is ever to the public good inclin'd,
Is still the tyrant's foe, and patron of mankind.
Behold where Marlborough, thy last best gift, 370
At parting to thy native Belgia left,
Succeeds to all thy kind paternal cares,
'Thy watchful counsels and laborious wars ;
Like thee aspires by virtue to renown,
Fights to secure an empire not his own, 375
Reaps only toil himself, and gives away a crown.
At length thy pray'r, O pious Prince! is heard,
Heav'n has at length in its own cause appear'd;
At length Ramillia's field atones for all
The faithless breaches of the perjur'd Gaul ; 380
At length a better age to man decreed,
With truth, with peace and justice, shall succeed ;
Fall'n are the proud, and the griev'd world is freed.
One triumph yet, my Muse! remains behind ;
Another vengeance yet the Gaul shall find : 385
On Lombard plains beyond his Alpine hills
Louis the force of hostile Britain feels :
Swift to her friends distress'd her succours fly,
And distant wars her wealthy sons supply ;
From slow unactive courts they grieve to hear 390
Eugene, a name to ev'ry Briton dear,
By tedious languishing delays is held
Repining and impatient from the field :
While factious statesmen riot in excess,
And lazy priests whole provinces possess, 395
Of unregarded wants the brave complain,
And the starv'd soldier sues for bread in vain :
At once, with gen'rous indignation warm,
Britain the treasure sends, and bids the hero arm :
Straight eager to the field he speeds away, 400
There vows the victor Gaul shall dear repay
The spoils of Calcinato's fatal day.
Cheer'd by the presence of the chief they love,
Once more their fate the warriors long to prove ;
Reviv'd each soldier lifts his drooping head, 405
Forgets his wounds, and calls him on to lead.

Again their crests the German Eagles rear,
 Stretch their broad wings and fan the Latian air;
 Greedy for battle and the prey they call,
 And point great Eugene's thunder on the Gaul. 410
 The chief commands, and soon in dread array
 Onwards the moving legions urge their way;
 With hardy marches and successful haste
 O'er ev'ry barrier fortunate they pass'd
 Which Nature or the skilful foe had plac'd. 415
 The foe in vain with Gallic arts attends,
 To mark which way the wary leader bends,
 Vainly in war's mysterious rules is wise,
 Lurks where tall woods and thickest coverts rise,
 And meanly hopes a conquest from surprise. 420
 Now with swift horse the plain around them beats,
 And oft advances and as oft retreats;
 Now fix'd to wait the coming force he seems,
 Secur'd by steepy banks and rapid streams,
 While river gods in vain exhaust their store, 425
 From plenteous urns the gushing torrents pour,
 Rise o'er their utmost margins to the plain,
 And strive to stay the warrior's haste in vain:
 Alike they pass the plain and closer wood,
 Explore the ford, and tempt the swelling flood; 430
 Unshaken still pursue the stedfast course, [force.
 And where they want their way, they find it or they
 But anxious thoughts Savoy's great prince infest,
 And roll ill boding in his careful breast:
 Oft he revolves the ruins of the great, 435
 And sadly thinks on lost Bavaria's fate,
 The hapless mark of Fortune's cruel sport,
 An exile, meanly forc'd to beg support
 From the slow bounties of a foreign court!
 Forc'd from his lov'd Turin, his last retreat, 440
 His glory once and empire's ancient seat,
 He sees from far, where wide destructions spread,
 And fiery show'rs the goodly town invade,
 Then turns to mourn in vain his ruin'd state,
 And curse the unrelenting tyrant's hate. 445

But great Eugene prevents his ev'ry fear,
 He had resolv'd it, and he would be there:
 Not danger, toil, the tedious weary way,
 Nor all the Gallic pow'rs, his promis'd aid delay.
 Like Truth itself, unknowing how to fail, 450
 He scorn'd to doubt, and knew he must prevail.
 Thus ever certain does the sun appear,
 Bound by the law of Jove's eternal year;
 Thus constant to his course sets out at morn, 454
 Round the wide world in twice twelve hours is borne,
 And to a moment keeps his fix'd return.
 Straight to the town the heroes turn their care,
 Their friendly succour for the brave prepare,
 And on the foe united bend the war. 459
 O'er the steep trench and rampart's guarded height
 At once they rush, and drive the rapid flight:
 With idle arms the Gallic legions seem
 To stem the rage of the resistless stream;
 At once it bears them down, at once they yield,
 Headlong are push'd and swept along the field: 465
 Resistance ceases, and 'tis war no more;
 At once the vanquish'd own the victor's pow'r:
 Thro'out the field where'er they turn their fight
 'Tis all or conquest or inglorious flight. 469
 Swift to their rescu'd friends their joys they bear,
 With life and liberty at once they cheer,
 And save them in the moment of despair.

So timely to the aid of sinking Rome
 With active haste did great Carmillus come;
 So to the Capitol he forc'd his way, 475
 So from the proud Barbarian's snatch'd his prey,
 And sav'd his country in one signal day.

From impious arms at length, O Louis! cease,
 And leave at length the lab'ring world in peace;
 Lest heav'n disclose some yet more fatal scene, 480
 Fatal beyond Ramillia or Turin;
 Lest from thy hand thou see thy sceptre torn,
 And humbled in the dust thy losses mourn;

Lest urg'd at length thy own repining slave,
 Tho' fond of burdens, and in bondage brave,
 Pursue thy hoary head with curses to the grave. 486

OCCASIONED BY HIS FIRST VISIT.

TO LADY WARWICK.

AT HOLLAND HOUSE.

I.

HEARING that Chloe's bow'r crown'd
 The summit of a neighb'ring hill,
 Where ev'ry rural joy was found,
 Where health and wealth were plac'd around
 To wait like servants on her will; 5

II.

I went and found 'twas as they said,
 That ev'ry thing look'd fresh and fair;
 Her herds in flow'ry pastures stray'd,
 Delightful was the green-wood shade,
 And gently breath'd the balmy air. 10

III.

But when I found my troubled heart
 Uneasy grown within my breast,
 My breath came short, and in each part
 Some new disorder seem'd to start,
 Which pain'd me sore and broke my rest; 15

IV.

"Some noxious vapour sure," I said,
 "From this unwholesome soil must rise;
 "Some secret venom is convey'd,
 "Or from this field, or from that shade,
 "That does the powers of life surprize." 20

V.

Soon as the skilful leech beheld
 The change that in my health was grown,
 "Blame not," he cry'd, "nor wood nor field;
 "Diseases which such symptoms yield
 "Proceed from Chloe's eyes alone. 25

VI.

"Alike she kills in ev'ry air;
 "The coldest breast her beauties warm;

“ And tho’ the fever took you there,
 “ If Chloe had not been so fair,
 “ The place had never done you harm.” 30

THE VISIT.

WIT and Beauty t’other day
 Chanc’d to take me in their way,
 And, to make the favour greater,
 Brought the Graces and Goodnature,
 Conversation care beguiling, 5
 Joy in dimples ever smiling,
 All the pleasures here below
 Men can ask or gods bestow.
 A jolly train, believe me! No:
 There were but two, Lepell * and Howe. 10

THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

TO MRS. A——D——.

I.

AS on a summer’s day
 In the green-wood shade I lay,
 The maid that I lov’d,
 As her fancy mov’d,
 Came walking forth that way; 5

II.

And, as she passed by,
 With a scornful glance of her eye,
 “ What a shame,” quoth she,
 “ For a swain must it be
 “ Like a lazy loon for to die! 10

III.

“ And dost thou nothing heed
 “ What Pan our god has decreed,
 “ What a prize to-day
 “ Shall be giv’n away
 “ To the sweetest shepherd’s reed? 15

IV.

“ There is not a single swain
 “ Of all this fruitful plain

* Afterwards the celebrated Lady Harvey.

“ But with hopes and fears
 “ Now busily prepares
 “ The bonny boon to gain.

30

V.

“ Shall another maiden shine
 “ In brighter array than thine ?
 “ Up, up, dull swain !
 “ Tune thy pipe once again,
 “ And make the garland mine.”

35

VI.

“ Alas, my love !” he cry’d,
 “ What avails this courtly pride ?
 “ Since thy dear desert
 “ Is written in my heart,
 “ What is all the world beside ?

30

VII.

“ To me thou art more gay,
 “ In this homely russet grey,
 “ Than the nymphs of our green,
 “ So trim and so sheen,
 “ Or the brightest queen of May.

35

VIII.

“ What tho’ my fortune frown,
 “ And deny thee a silken gown ?
 “ My own dear maid !
 “ Be content with this shade
 “ And a shepherd all thy own.”

40



EPISTLES.

AN EPISTLE TO FLAVIA,

ON THE SIGHT OF

TWO PINDARIC ODES

ON THE SPLEEN AND VANITY.

*Written by a Lady her Friend.**

FLAVIA, to you with safety I commend
This verse, the secret failing of your friend ;
To your good nature I securely trust,
Who know that to conceal is to be just.
The Muse, like wretched maids by love undone, 5
From friends, acquaintance, and the light, would run;
Conscious of folly, fears attending shame,
Fears the censorious world, and loss of fame.
Some confidant by chance she finds (tho' few
Pity the fools whom love or verse undo) 10
Whose fond compassion soothes her in the sin,
And sets her on to venture once again.

Sure in the better ages of old time
Nor poetry nor love was thought a crime ;
From Heav'n they both, the gods' best gifts, were
Divinely perfect both and innocent. [sent,
Then were bad poets and loose loves not known ; 17
None felt a warmth which they might blush to own :
Beneath cool shades our happy fathers lay,
And spent in pure untainted joys the day : 20
Artless their loves, artless their numbers, were,
While Nature simply did in both appear,
Nor could the censor or the critic fear :
Pleas'd to be pleas'd, they took what Heav'n bestow'd,
Nor were too curious of the given good. 25
At length, like Indians fond of fancy'd toys,
We lost being happy, to be thought more wise.
In one curs'd age, to punish verse and sin,
Critics and hangmen both at once came in.
Wit and the laws had both the same ill fate, 30
And partial tyrants sway'd in either state.

* Anne, Countess of Winchelsea.

Illnatur'd censure would be sure to damn
 An alien wit of independant fame,
 While Bays, grown old, and harden'd in offence,
 Was suffer'd to write on in spite of sense. 35
 Back'd by his friends, th' invader brought along
 A crew of foreign words into our tongue,
 To ruin and enslave the free-born English song.
 Still the prevailing faction propt his throne,
 And to four volumes let his plays run on; 40
 Then a lew'd tide of verse with vicious rage
 Broke in 'upon the morals of the age.
 The stage (whose art was once the mind to move
 To noble daring and to virtuous love)
 Precept with pleasure mix'd no more profess, 45
 But dealt in double meaning bawdy jest;
 The shocking sounds offend the blushing fair,
 And drive them from the guilty theatre.
 Ye wretched Bards! from whom these ills have sprung,
 Whom the avenging pow'rs have spar'd too long, 50
 Well may you fear the blow will surely come;
 Your Sodom has no Ten t'avert its doom;
 Unless the fair Ardelia will alone
 To heav'n for all the guilty tribe atone;
 Nor can Ten saints do more than such a One: 55
 Since she alone of the poetic crowd
 To the false gods of Wit has never bow'd,
 The empire which she saves shall own her sway,
 And all Parnassus her blest'd laws obey.
 Say from what sacred fountain, Nymph divine! 60
 The treasures flow which in thy verse do shine?
 With what strange inspiration art thou blest!
 What more than Delphic ardour warms thy breast!
 Our sordid earth ne'er bred so bright a flame,
 But from the skies, thy kindred skies, it came. 65
 To numbers great like thine th' angelic choir
 In joyous concert tune the golden lyre;
 Viewing with pitying eyes our cares, with thee
 They wisely own that "All his vanity;"
 Ev'n all the joys which mortal minds can know, 70
 And find Ardelia's verse the least vain thing below.

If Pindar's name to those blest'd mansions reach,
 And mortal Muses may immortal teach,
 In verse like his the heav'nly nation raise
 Their tuneful voices to their Maker's praise : 75
 Nor shall celestial harmony disdain
 For once to imitate an earthly strain,
 Whose fame secure no rival e'er can fear,
 But those above and fair Ardelia here.
 She who undaunted could his raptures view, 80
 And with bold wings his sacred heights pursue,
 Safe thro' the Dithyrambic stream she steer'd,
 Nor the rough deep in all its dangers fear'd :
 Not so the rest, who with successful pain
 Th' unnavigable torrent try'd in vain. 85

So Clelia leap'd into the rapid flood,
 While the Etruscans struck with wonder stood :
 Amidst the waves her rash pursuers dy'd ;
 The matchless dame could only stem the tide,
 And gain the glory of the farther side. 90

See with what pomp the antic mask comes in,
 The various forms of the fantastic spleen !
 Vain empty laughter, howling grief and tears,
 False joy, bred by false hope and falser fears,
 Each vice, each passion, which pale nature wears 95
 In this odd monstrous medley mix'd appears.
 Like Bays's dance confus'dly round they run,
 Statesman, coquette, gay fop, and pensive nun,
 Spectres and heroes, husbands and their wives,
 With Monkish drones that dream away their lives. 100
 Long have I labour'd with the dire disease,
 Nor found but from Ardelia's numbers ease :
 The dancing verse runs thro' my sluggish veins,
 Where dull and cold the frozen blood remains.
 Pale cares and anxious thoughts give way in haste, 105
 And to returning joy resign my breast ;
 Then free from ev'ry pain I did endure,
 I bless the charming author of my cure.
 So when to Saul the great musician play'd, 110
 The sullen fiend unwillingly obey'd,
 And left the monarch's breast, to seek some safer shade.

STANZAS TO LADY WARWICK,

On Mr. Addison's going to Ireland.

I.

YE Gods and Nereid nymphs who rule the sea,
Who chain loud storms and still the raging main !
With care the gentle Lycidas convey,
And bring the faithful lover safe again. 4

II.

When Albion's shore with cheerless heart he left,
Pensive and sad upon the deck he stood,
Of ev'ry joy in Chloe's eyes bereft,
And wept his sorrows in the swelling flood. 8

III.

Ah, fairest maid ! whom, as I well divine,
The righteous gods his just reward ordain,
For his return thy pious wishes join,
That thou at length mayst pay him for his pain. 12

IV.

And since his love does thine alone pursue,
In arts unpractis'd and unus'd to range,
I charge thee be by his example true,
And shun thy sex's inclination, change. 16

V.

When crowds of youthful lovers round thee wait,
And tender thoughts in sweetest words impart,
When thou art woo'd by titles, wealth, and state,
Then think of Lycidas and guard thy heart. 20

VI.

When the gay theatre shall charm thy eyes,
When artful wit shall speak thy beauty's praise,
When harmony shall thy soft soul surprise,
Sooth all thy senses and thy passions raise ; 24

VII.

Amidst whatever various joys appear,
Yet breathe one sigh, for one sad minute mourn,
Nor let thy heart know our delight sincere
Till thy own truest Lycidas return. 28

TO LORD WARWICK,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

WHEN fraught with all that grateful minds can
move,

With friendship, tenderness, respect, and love,

The Muse had wish'd on this returning day

Something most worthy of herself to say :

To Jove she offer'd up an humble pray'r

To take the noble Warwick to his care :

“ Give him,” she said, “ whate’er diviner grace

“ Adorns the soul or beautifies the face ;

“ Let manly constancy confirm his truth,

“ And gentlest manners crown his blooming youth :

“ Give him to fame, to virtue, to aspire,

“ Worthy our songs and thy informing fire ;

“ All various praise, all honours let him prove,

“ Let men admire, and sighing virgins love ;

“ With honest zeal inflame his gen’rous mind,

“ To love his country and protect mankind.”

Attentive to her pray’r, the god reply’d,

“ Why dost thou ask what has not been deny’d ?

“ Jove’s bounteous hand has lavish’d all his pow’r,

“ And making what he is can add no more:

“ Yet since I joy in what I did create,

“ I will prolong the fav’rite Warwick’s fate,

“ And lengthen out his years to some uncommon date.”

TO LADY JANE WHARTON.

ON HER STUDYING THE GLOBE.

WHILE o’er the Globe, fair Nymph ! your searches
And trace its rolling circuit round the sun, [run,

You seem’d the world beneath you to survey,

With eyes ordain’d to give its people day ;

With two fair lamps methought your nations shone,

While ours are poorly lighted up by one.

How did those rays your happier empire gild !

How clothe the flow’ry mead and fruitful field !

Your earth was in eternal spring array'd,
And laughing joy amidst its natives play'd.

10

Such is their day, but cheerless is their night,
No friendly moon reflects your absent light :
And, oh ! when yet ere many years are past
Those beams on other objects shall be plac'd,
When some young hero, with resistless art,
Shall draw those eyes, and warm that virgin heart:
How shall your creatures then their loss deplore,
And want those suns that rise for them no more !
The bliss you give will be confin'd to one,
And for his sake your world must be undone.

15

20

TO MRS. PULTENEY,

UPON HER GOING ABROAD.

TIR'D with the frequent mischiefs of her eyes,
To distant climes the fair Belinda flies ;
She sees her spreading flames consume around,
And not another conquest to be found :
Secure in foreign realms at will to reign,
She leaves her vassals here with proud disdain ;
One only joy which in her heart she wears,
The dear companion of her flight she bears.
Æneas thus a burning town forsook,
Thus into banishment his gods he took ;
But, to retrieve his native Troy's disgrace
Fix'd a new empire in a happier place.

6

13



EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM.

On a Lady who shed her Water at seeing the Tragedy of Cato, occasioned by an Epigram on a Lady who wept at it.

WHILST maudlin Whigs deplore their Cato's fate,
Still with dry eyes the Tory Celia fate;
But tho' her pride forbade her eyes to flow,
The gushing waters found a vent below.
Tho' secret, yet with copious streams she mourns, 5
Like twenty river gods with all their urns.
Let others screw an hypocritic face,
She shews her grief in a sincerer place.
Here Nature reigns and passion void of art,
For this road leads directly to the heart. 10

IMITATED IN LATIN.

PLORAT fata sui dum cætera turba Catonis,
Ecce! oculis ficcis Cælia fixa sedet;
At quanquam lacrymis fastus vetat ora rigari,
Invenère viam quâ per opaca fluant:
Clam dolet illa quidem, manat tamen humor abundè,
Numinis ex urnâ, ceu fluvialis aqua. 6
Distorquent aliæ vultus, simulantque dolorem:
Quæ magè sincera est Cælia parte dolet,
Quâ mera natura est, non personata per artem,
Quêque itur rectâ cordis ad ima viâ. 10

EPIGRAM.

TO THE TWO NEW MEMBERS FOR BRAMBER, 1708.

THO' in the Commons' House you did prevail,
Good Sir Cleeve Moore and gentle Master Hale!
Yet on good luck be cautious of relying;
Burgess for Bramber is no place to die in.
Your predecessors have been oddly fated;
Asgill and Shippen have been both translated. 6

EPIGRAM.

On the Prince of Wales, then Regent, appearing at the Fire in Spring-Garden, 1716.

THY Guardian, blest Britannia! scorns to sleep
When the sad subjects of his father weep;
Weak princes by their fears increase distress;
He faces danger, and so makes it less.
Tyrants on blazing towns may smile with joy;
He knows to save is greater than destroy.

6



ODES.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR 1716,

I.

HAIL to thee, glorious rising Year!
With what uncommon grace thy days appear!
Comely art thou in thy prime,
Lovely child of hoary Time!
Where thy golden footsteps tread, 5
Pleasures all around thee spread;
Bliss and beauty grace thy train:
Muse! strike the lyre to some immortal strain.
But oh! what skill, what master-hand,
Shall govern or constrain the wanton band! 10
Loose, like my verse, they dance; and all without com-
Images of fairest things [mand,
Crowd about the speaking strings;
Peace and sweet Prosperity,
Faith and cheerful Loyalty, 15
With smiling Love and deathless Poesy.

II.

Ye scowling Shades who break away,
Well do ye fly and shun the purple day!
Ev'ry fiend and fiend-like form,
Black and fullen as a storm, 20
Jealous Fear and false Surmise,
Danger with her dreadful eyes,
Faction, Fury, all are fled,
And bold Rebellion hides her daring head.
Behold, thou gracious Year! behold 25
To whom thy treasures all thou shalt unfold,
For whom thy whiter days were kept from times of old!
See thy George, for this is he!
On his right-hand waiting free,
Britain and fair Liberty: 30
Ev'ry good is in his face,
Ev'ry open honest grace;
Thou great Plantagenet! immortal be thy race!

See the sacred scion springs,
 See the glad promise of a line of kings! 35
 Royal youth! what bard divine,
 Equal to a praise like thine,
 Shall in some exalted measure
 Sing thee, Britain's dearest treasure!
 Who her joy in thee shall tell, 40
 Who the sprightly note shall swell,
 His voice attemp'ring to the tuneful shell?
 Thee Audenard's recorded field,
 Bold in thy brave paternal band, beheld,
 And saw with hopeless heart thy fainting rival yield:
 Troubled he, with fore dismay, 46
 To thy stronger fate gave way;
 Safe beneath thy noble scorn
 Wingy footed was he borne
 Swift as the fleeting shades upon the golden corn. 50

IV.

What valour, what distinguish'd worth,
 From thee shall lead the coming ages forth!
 Crested helms and shining shields,
 Warriors fam'd in foreign fields,
 Hoary heads with olive bound, 55
 Kings and lawgivers renown'd!
 Crowding still they rise anew
 Beyond the reach of deep prophetic view.
 Young Augustus! never cease,
 Pledge of our present and our future peace; 60
 Still pour the blessings forth and give thy great increase.
 All the stock that Fate ordains
 To supply succeeding reigns,
 Whether glory shall inspire
 Gentler arts or martial fire, 66
 Still the fair descent shall be
 Dear to Albion all like thee,
 Patrons of righteous rules and foes to tyranny.

V.

Ye golden Lights who shine on high,
 Ye potent Planets who ascend the sky! 70

ODES.

On the op'ning Year dispense
 All your kindest influence:
 Heav'nly Pow'rs! be all prepar'd
 For our Carolina's guard:
 Short and easy be the pains 75
 Which for a nation's weal the heroine sustains.
 Britannia's Angel be thou near!
 The growing race is thy peculiar care;
 Oh spread thy sacred wing above the royal fair!
 George by thee was wafted o'er 80
 To the long expected shore;
 None presuming to withstand
 Thy celestial armed hand,
 While his sacred head to shade
 The blended cross on high thy silver shield display'd.

VI.

But oh! what other form divine 86
 Propitious near the hero seems to shine!
 Peace of mind and joy serene
 In her sacred eyes are seen;
 Honour binds her mitred brow, 90
 Faith and Truth beside her go,
 With Zeal and pure Devotion bending low.
 A thousand storms around her threat,
 A thousand billows roar beneath her feet,
 While fix'd upon a rock she keeps her stable seat. 95
 Still in sign of sure defence
 Trust and mutual confidence,
 On the monarch standing by
 Still she bends her gracious eye,
 Nor fears her foes approach while Heav'n and he are nigh.

VII.

Hence then with ev'ry anxious care; 101
 Be gone, pale Envy! and thou, cold Despair!
 Seek ye out a moody cell,
 Where Deceit and Treason dwell;
 There repining, raging, still 105
 The idle air with curses fill,
 There blast the pathless wild and the bleak northern hill;

There your exile vainly moan ;
 There where with murmurs horrid as your own
 Beneath the sweeping winds the bending forests groan ;
 But thou, Hope ! with smiling cheer, 111
 Do thou bring the ready year.
 See the hours ! a chosen band,
 See with jocund looks they stand,
 All in their trim array, and waiting for command. 115

VIII.

The welcome train begins to move,
 Hope leads Increase and chaste Connubial Love ;
 Flora sweet her bounty spreads,
 Smelling gardens, painted meads ;
 Ceres crowns the yellow plain, 120
 Pan rewards the shepherd's pain :
 All is plenty, all is wealth,
 And on the balmy air sits rosy-colour'd Health.
 I hear the mirth, I hear the land rejoice,
 Like many waters swells the pealing noise, 125
 While to their monarch thus they raise the public voice :
 " Father of thy country ! hail,
 " Always ev'ry where prevail :
 " Pious, valiant, just, and wise,
 " Better suns for thee arise, 130
 " Purer breezes fan the skies ;
 " Earth in fruits and flow'rs is drest,
 " Joy abounds in ev'ry breast :
 " For thee thy people all, for thee the Year, is blest. 143

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR 1717.

WINTER ! thou hoary venerable fire,
 All richly in thy furry mantle clad,
 What thoughts of mirth can feeble age inspire,
 To make thy careful wrinkled brow so glad ?

II.

Now I see the reason plain, 15
 Now I see thy jolly train ;
 Snowy-headed Winter leads,
 Spring and Summer next succeeds,
 Yellow Autumn brings the rear :
 Thou art father of the Year. 10

III.

While from the frosty mellow'd earth
 Abounding plenty takes her birth,
 The conscious fire exulting fees
 The seasons spread their rich increase;
 So dusky Night and Chaos smil'd
 On beauteous Form, their lovely child.

15

IV.

O fair Variety!
 What blifs thou dost supply!
 The foul brings forth the fair
 To deck the changing Year.
 When our old pleasures die,
 Some new one still is nigh;
 Oh fair Variety!

20

V.

Our passions, like the seasons, turn;
 And now we laugh, and now we mourn.
 Britannia late oppress'd with dread,
 Hung her declining drooping head:
 A better visage now she wears,
 And now at once she quits her fears:
 Strife and war no more she knows,
 Rebel sons nor foreign foes.

25

30

VI.

Safe beneath her mighty master
 In security she sits,
 Plants her loose foundations faster,
 And her sorrows past forgets.

35

VII.

Happy Isle! the care of Heav'n,
 To the guardian hero giv'n;
 Unrepining still obey him,
 Still with love and duty pay him.

VIII.

Tho' he parted from thy shore
 While contesting kings attend him,
 Could he, Britain! give thee more
 Than the pledge he left behind him?

40

43

ODE TO PEACE,

FOR THE YEAR 1718.

I.

THOU fairest sweetest daughter of the skies,
 Indulgent, gentle, life-restoring Peace!
 With what auspicious beauties dost thou rise,
 And Britain's new-revolving Janus blest!

II.

Hoary Winter smiles before thee,
 Dances merrily along,
 Hours and seasons all adore thee,
 And for thee are ever young.
 Ever, Goddess! thus appear,
 Ever lead the joyful Year.

III.

In thee the night, in thee the day, is blest;
 In thee the dearest of the purple east:
 'Tis thine immortal pleasures to impart,
 Mirth to inspire, and raise the drooping heart:
 To thee the pipe and tuneful string belong,
 Thou theme eternal for the poet's song.

IV.

Awake the golden lyre,
 Ye Heliconian choir!
 Swell ev'ry note still higher,
 And melody inspire
 At heaven and earth's desire.

V.

Hark, how the sounds agree
 With due complacency!
 Sweet Peace! it is all by thee,
 For thou art harmony.

VI.

Who by Nature's fairest creatures
 Can describe her heav'nly features?
 What comparison can fit her?
 Sweet are roses, she is sweeter;
 Light is good, but Peace is better.

Would you see her, such as Jove,
Form'd for universal love,
Bless'd by men and gods above?
Would you ev'ry feature trace,
Ev'ry sweetly smiling grace?
Seek our Carolina's face.

35

VII.

Peace and she are Britain's treasures,
Fruitful in eternal pleasures;
Still their bounty shall increase us,
Still their smiling offspring blest us.
Happy day when each was giv'n
By Cæsar and indulging Heav'n!

40

CHORUS.

Hail, ye celestial Pair!
Still let Britannia be your care,
And Peace and Carolina crown the Year.

45

ODE FOR THE KING'S BIRTH DAY, 1718.

I.

OH touch the string, celestial Muse! and say
Why are peculiar times and seasons blest?
Is it in fate that one distinguish'd day
Should with more hallow'd purple paint the east?

II.

Look on life and nature's race,
How the careless minutes pass,
How they wear a common face;
One is what another was
Till the happy hero's worth
Bid the festival stand forth,
Till the golden light he crown,
Till he mark it for his own.

5

10

III.

How had this glorious morning been forgot,
Unthought of as the things that never were,
Had not our greatest Cæsar been its lot,
And call'd it from amongst the vulgar Year!

15

IV.

Now Nature be gay
In the pride of thy May,

To court let thy graces repair ;
 Let Flora bestow
 The crown from her brow
 For our brighter Britannia to wear.

20

V.

Thro' ev'ry language of thy peopled earth,
 Far as the sea's or Cæsar's influence goes,
 Let thankful nations celebrate his birth,
 And bless the author of the world's repose.

25

VI.

Let Volga tumbling in cascades,
 And Po that glides thro' poplar shades,
 And Tagus bright in sands of gold,
 And Arethusa, rivers old,
 Their great deliv'rer sing ;
 Nor, Danube ! thou, whose winding flood
 So long has blush'd with Turkish blood,
 To Cæsar shall refuse a strain,
 Since now thy streams without a stain
 Run crystal as their spring.

30

35

CHORUS.

To mighty George that heals thy wounds,
 That names thy kings and marks thy bounds,
 The joyful voice, O Europe ! raise :
 In the great mediator's praise
 Let all thy various tongues combine,
 And Britain's festival be thine.

40

42

ODE TO THE THAMES,

FOR THE YEAR 1719.

I.

KING of the Floods ! whom friendly stars ordain
 To fold alternate in thy winding train,
 The lofty palace and the fertile vale,
 King of the Floods ! Britannia's darling, hail !
 Hail with the Year so well begun,
 And bid his each revolving sun,
 Taught by thy streams, in smooth succession run.

5

II.

From thy never-failing urn,
 Flowers bloom, and fair increase
 With the seasons take their turn;
 From thy tributary seas
 Tides of various wealth attend thee;
 Seas and seasons all befriend thee.

III.

Here on thy banks, to mate the skies,
 Augusta's hallow'd domes arise,
 And there thy ample bosom pours
 Hernum'rous souls and floating tow'rs;
 Whose terrors late to vanquish'd Spain were known,
 And Ætna shook with thunder not her own.

IV.

Fullest flags thou dost sustain,
 While thy banks confine thy course,
 Emblem of our Cæsar's reign,
 Mingling clemency and force.

V.

So mayst thou, still secur'd by distant wars,
 Ne'er stain thy crystal with domestic jars;
 As Cæsar's reign, to Britain ever dear,
 Shall join with thee to bless the coming year.

VI.

On thy shady margin
 Care its load discharging,
 Is lull'd to gentle rest:
 Britain thus disarming,
 Nor no more alarming,
 Shall sleep on Cæsar's breast.

VII.

Sweet to distress is balmy sleep,
 To sleep auspicious dreams,
 Thy meadows, Thames! to feeding sheep,
 To thirst thy silver streams;
 More sweet than all the praise
 Of Cæsar's golden days:
 Cæsar's praise is sweeter,
 Britain's pleasure greater:

Still may Cæsar's reign excel ;
Sweet the praise of reigning well.

CHORUS.

Gentle Janus ! ever wait,
As now, on Britains kindest fate ;
Crown all our vows and all thy gifts bestow
Till Time no more renews his date,
And Thames forgets to flow.

45

48





ROWE'S POEMS.

Vide Colin's Complaint. Page 71.

Despairing beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid,
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.

Painted by T. Kirk. Engraved by Bremley for C. Cooke Nov. 1. 1798.

SONGS.

SONG. A GAME AT FLATS*.

I.

WHILE Sappho with harmonious airs
Her dear Philenis charms,
With equal joy the nymph appears
Dissolving in his arms.

4

II.

Thus to themselves alone they are
What all mankind can give ;
Alternately the happy pair
All grant and all receive.

8

III.

Like the Twin Stars, so fam'd for friends,
Who set by turns and rise,
When one to Thetis' lap descends
His brother mounts the skies.

12

IV.

With happier fate and kinder care
These nymphs by turns do reign,
While still the falling does prepare
The rising to sustain.

16

V.

The joys of either sex in love
In each of them we read ;
Successive each to each does prove,
Fierce youth and yielding maid.

20

SONG. COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

TO THE TUNE OF GRIM KING OF THE GHOSTS.

I.

DESPAIRING, beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid,
And while a false nymph was his theme
A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain

4

* These stanzas were made on Mrs. B. - -le and a lady her companion whom she calls Captain.

To his sighs with a sigh did reply,
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

II.

“ Alas ! silly swain that I was ! ”
Thus sadly complaining, he cry’d,
“ When first I beheld that fair face
“ ’Twere better by far I had dy’d. 12
“ She talk’d and I blest’d the dear tongue,
“ When she smil’d it was a pleasure too great ;
“ I listen’d, and cry’d when she sung
“ Was nightingale ever so sweet ! 16

III.

“ How foolish was I to believe
“ She could dote on so lowly a clown,
“ Or that her fond heart would not grieve
“ To forsake the fine folk of the town ? 20
“ To think that a beauty so gay
“ So kind and so constant would prove,
“ Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
“ Or live in a cottage on love ? 24

IV.

“ What tho’ I have skill to complain,
“ Tho’ the Muses my temples have crown’d,
“ What tho’ when they hear my soft strain
“ The virgins sit weeping around ? 28
“ Ah, Colin ! thy hopes are in vain,
“ Thy pipe and thy laurel resign,
“ Thy false one inclines to a swain
“ Whose music is sweeter than thine. 32

V.

“ And you, my companions so dear,
“ Who sorrow to see me betray’d,
“ Whatever I suffer forbear,
“ Forbear to accuse the false maid. 36
“ Tho’ thro’ the wide world I should range
“ ’Tis in vain from my fortune to fly ;
“ ’Twas her’s to be false and to change,
“ ’Tis mine to be constant and die. 40

VI.

“ If, while my hard fate I sustain,
“ In her breast any pity is found,
“ Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
“ And see me laid low in the ground. 44
“ The last humble boon that I crave
“ Is to shade me with cypress and yew,
“ And when she looks down on my grave
“ Let her own that her shepherd was true. 48

VII.

“ Then to her new love let her go,
“ And deck her in golden array,
“ Be finest at ev’ry fine show,
“ And frolic it all the long day; 52
“ While Colin, forgotten and gone,
“ No more shall be talk’d of or seen,
“ Unless when, beneath the pale moon,
“ His ghost shall glide over the green.” 56



REPLY, BY ANOTHER HAND.

I.

YE Winds! to whom Colin complains,
 In ditties so sad and so sweet,
 Believe me, the shepherd but feigns
 He is wretched to shew he has wit. 4
 No charmer like Colin can move,
 And this is some pretty new art:
 Ah! Colin's a juggler in love,
 And likes to play tricks with my heart. 8

II.

When he will he can sigh and look pale,
 Seem doleful and alter his face,
 Can tremble, and alter his tale;
 Ah! Colin has every pace. 12
 The willow my rover prefers
 To the breast where he once begg'd to lie,
 And the streams that he swells with his tears
 Are rivals belov'd more than I. 16

III.

His head my fond bosom would bear,
 And my heart would soon beat him to rest;
 Let the swain that is flighted despair,
 But Colin is only in jest. 20
 No death the deceiver designs;
 Let the maid that is ruin'd despair;
 For Colin but dies in his lines,
 And gives himself that modish air. 24

IV.

Can shepherds bred far from the court
 So wittily talk of their flame?
 But Colin makes passion his sport;
 Beware of so fatal a game. 28
 My voice of no music can boast,
 Nor my person of ought that is fine,
 But Colin may find, to his cost,
 A face that is fairer than mine. 32

V.

Ah! then I will break my lov'd crook,
 To thee I'll bequeath all my sheep,
 And die in the much-favour'd brook,
 Where Colin does now sit and weep. 36
 Then mourn the sad fate that you gave,
 In sonnets so smooth and divine;
 Perhaps I may rise from my grave,
 To hear such soft music as thine. 40

VI.

Of the violet, daisy, and rose,
 The hearts-ease, the lily, and pink,
 Did thy fingers a garland compose,
 And crown'd by the rivulet's brink. 44
 How oft, my dear swain! did I swear
 How much my fond love did admire
 Thy verses, thy shape, and thy air,
 Tho' deck'd in thy rural attire! 48

VII.

Your sheep-hook you rul'd with such art,
 That all your small subjects obey'd,
 And still you reign'd king of this heart,
 Whose passion you falsely upbraided. 52
 How often, my swain! have I said
 Thy arms are a palace to me,
 And how well I could live in a shade,
 Tho' adorned with nothing but thee? 56

VIII.

Oh! what are the sparks of the town,
 Tho' never so fine and so gay?
 I freely would leave beds of down
 For thy breast on a bed of new hay. 60
 Then, Colin! return once again,
 Again make me happy in love;
 Let me find thee a faithful true swain,
 And as constant a nymph I will prove. 64

SONG.

FOR THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY, MAY 28, 1716.

I.

LAY thy flow'ry garlands by,
 Ever-blooming gentle May!
 Other honours now are nigh,
 Other honours see we pay.
 Lay thy flow'ry garlands by, &c.

5

II.

Majesty and great renown
 Wait thy beamy brow to crown.
 Parent of our hero, thou
 George on Britain didst bestow.
 Thee the trumpet, thee the drum,
 With the plummy helm, become;
 Thee the spear and shining shield,
 With ev'ry trophy of the warlike field.

10

III.

Call thy better blessings forth,
 For the honour of his birth;
 Still the voice of loud Commotion,
 Bid complaining murmurs cease,
 Lay the billows of the ocean,
 And compose the land in peace.
 Call thy better, &c.

15

20

IV.

Queen of Odours, fragrant May!
 For this boon, this happy day,
 Janus, with the double face,
 Shall to thee resign his place;
 Thou shalt rule with better grace:
 Time from thee shall wait his doom,
 And thou shalt lead the Year for ev'ry age to come.

25

V.

Fairest month! in Cæsar pride thee,
 Nothing like him canst thou bring,
 Tho' the Graces smile beside thee,
 Tho' thy bounty gives the spring.

30

VI.

Tho' like Flora thou array thee,
Finer than the painted bow,
Carolina shall repay thee
All thy sweetnesss, all thy show.

35

VII.

She herself a glory greater
Than thy golden sun discloses,
And her smiling offspring sweeter
Than the bloom of all thy roses.

39



SONG,

ON A FINE WOMAN WHO HAD A DULL HUSBAND.

I.

WHEN on fair Celia's eyes I gaze,
 And bless their light divine,
 I stand confounded with amaze,
 To think on what they shine.

II.

On one vile clod of earth she seems
 To fix their influence,
 Which kindles not at those bright beams,
 Nor wakens into sense.

III.

Lost and bewilder'd with the thought,
 I could not but complain
 That Nature's lavish hand had wrought
 This fairest work in vain.

IV.

Thus some, who have the stars survey'd,
 Are ignorantly led
 To think those glorious lamps were made
 To light Tom Fool to bed.



SONG, AH WILLOW!

TO MRS. A——D——IN HER SICKNESS.

TO the Brook and the Willow that heard him
 Ah Willow, Willow! [complain
 Poor Colin sat weeping and told them his pain.
 Ah Willow, Willow! ah Willow, Willow! 4

II.

Sweet Stream! he cry'd sadly, I'll teach thee to flow,
 Ah Willow! &c.
 And the waters shall rise to the brink with my woe.
 Ah Willow! &c. 8

III.

All restless and painful poor Amoret lies,
 Ah Willow! &c.
 And counts the sad moments of time as it flies.
 Ah Willow! &c. 12

IV.

To the nymph my heart loves ye soft slumbers repair,
 Ah Willow! &c.
 Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her your
 Ah Willow! &c. [care. 16

V.

Dear Brook! were thy chance near her pillow to creep,
 Ah Willow! &c.
 Perhaps thy soft murmurs might lull her to sleep.
 Ah Willow! &c. 20

VI.

Let me be kept waking, my eyes never close,
 Ah Willow! &c.
 So the sleep that I lose brings my fair one repose.
 Ah Willow! &c. 24

VII.

But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed;
 Ah Willow! &c.
 If the loss of my dear one, my love, is decreed;
 Ah Willow! &c. 28

VIII.

If no more my sad heart by those eyes shall be cheer'd ;
Ah Willow ! &c.

If the voice of my warbler no more shall be heard ;
Ah Willow ! &c.

32

IX.

Believe me, thou fair one ! thou dear one ! believe,
Ah Willow ! &c.

Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears, will I give.
Ah Willow ! &c.

36

X.

One fate to thy Colin and thee shall be ty'd,
Ah Willow ! &c.

And soon lay thy shepherd close by thy cold side.
Ah Willow ! &c.

40

XI.

Then run, gentle Brook ! and to lose thyself haste,
Ah Willow, Willow !

adde thou too, my Willow ! this verse is my last.
Ah Willow, Willow ! ah Willow, Willow !

44



TO THE SAME SINGING.

WHAT charms in melody are found
To soften ev'ry pain !
How do we catch the healing sound,
And feel the soothing strain !

4

Still when I hear thee, O my Fair !
I bid my heart rejoice ;
I shake off ev'ry sullen care,
For sorrow flies thy voice.

8

The seasons Philomel obey,
Whene'er they hear her sing ;
She bids the winter fly away,
And she recalls the spring.

12



SONG. THE FAIR INCONSTANT.

HE.

SINCE I have long lov'd you in vain,
And doted on ev'ry feature,
Give me at length but leave to complain
Of so ungrateful a creature.

4

Tho' I beheld in your wandering eyes
The wanton symptoms of ranging,
Still I resolv'd against being wise,
And lov'd you in spite of your changing.

8

SHE. Why should you blame what heav'n has made,
Or find any fault in creation?

'Tis not the crime of the faithless maid,
But Nature's inclination.

12

'Tis not because I love you less,
Or think you not a true one,
But, if the truth I must confess,
I always lov'd a new one.

16



PROLOGUES.

PROLOGUE TO THE NONJUROR,

A COMEDY BY MR. CIBBER,

As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, 1718.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

TO night, ye Whigs and Tories! both be safe,
Nor hope at one another's cost to laugh.
We mean to fouse old Satan and the Pope;
They've no relations here nor friends we hope.
A tool of theirs supplies the comic stage 5
With just materials for satiric rage;
Nor think our colours may too strongly paint
The stiff Nonjuring separation faint.
Good-breeding ne'er commands us to be civil
To those who give the nation to the devil, 10
Who at our surest best foundation strike,
And hate our monarch and our church alike;
Our church—which aw'd with reverential fear,
Scarcely the Muse presumes to mention here:
Long may she these her worst of foes defy, 15
And lift her mitred head triumphant to the sky!
While theirs—but satire silently disdains
To name what lives not but in madmen's brains.
Like bawds, each lurking pastor seeks the dark,
And fears the Justice's inquiring clerk. 20
In close back rooms his routed flocks he rallies,
And reigns the patriarch of blind lanes and allies:
There safe he lets his thund'ring censures fly,
Unchristens, damns us, gives our laws the lie,
And excommunicates three stories high. 25
Why, since a land of liberty they hate,
Still will they linger in this freeborn state?
Here ev'ry hour fresh hateful objects rise;
Peace and prosperity afflict their eyes;
With anguish prince and people they survey, 30
Their just obedience and his righteous sway.
Ship off, ye Slaves! and seek some passive land,
Where tyrants after your own hearts command;

To your Transalpine master's rule resort,
And fill an empty abdicated court :
Turn your possessions here to ready rhino,
And buy ye lands and lordships at Urbino.



PROLOGUE TO THE GAMESTER.

A COMEDY BY MRS. CENTLIVRE,

As it was acted at the New Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, 1704.

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

IF humble wives, that drag the marriage chain,
 With cursed dogged husbands, may complain,
 If turn'd at large to starve, as we by you,
 They may at least for alimony sue.
 Know we resolve to make the case our own,
 Between the plaintiff Stage, and the defendant Town.
 When first you took us from our father's house,
 And lovingly our int'rest did espouse,
 You kept us fine, caress'd, and lodged us here,
 And honey-moon held out above three year :
 At length, for pleasures known do seldom last,
 Frequent enjoyment pall'd your sprightly taste ;
 And tho' at first you did not quite neglect,
 We found your love was dwindled to respect.
 Sometimes, indeed, as in your way it fell,
 You stopp'd and call'd to see if we were well :
 Now, quite estrang'd, this wretched place you shun,
 Like bad wine, bus'ness, duels, and a dun.
 Have we for this increas'd Apollo's race,
 Been often pregnant with your wit's embrace,
 And borne you many chopping babes of grace ?
 Some ugly toads we had, and that's the curse ;
 They were so like you that you far'd the worse ;
 For this to-night we are not much in pain ;
 Look on it, and if you like it entertain :
 If all the midwife says of it be true,
 There are some features too like some of you :
 For us, if you think fitting to forsake it,
 We mean to run away, and let the parish take it.

H

EPILOGUES.

EPILOGUE TO THE INCONSTANT,

OR,

THE WAY TO WIN HIM.

A COMEDY BY MR. FARQUHAR.

As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, 1703.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

FROM Fletcher's great original* to-day
We took the hint of this our modern play :
Our author, from his lines, has strove to paint
A witty, wild, inconstant, free, gallant,
With a gay soul, with sense, and will to rove, 5
With language and with softness fram'd to move,
With little truth, but with a world of love.
Such forms on maids in morning-slumbers wait,
When fancy first instructs their hearts to beat, [yet.
When first they wish and sigh for what they know not
Frown not, ye Fair ! to think your lovers may 10
Reach your cold hearts by some unguarded way ;
Let Villeroy's misfortune make you wise ;
There's danger still in darkness and surprise :
Tho' from his rampart he defy'd the foe, 15
Prince Eugene found an aqueduct below.
With easy freedom, and a gay address,
A pressing lover seldom wants success :
Whilst the respectful, like the Greek, sits down
And wastes a ten years siege before one town. 20
For her own sake let no forsaken maid
Our wanderer for want of love upbraid,
Since 'tis a secret none should e'er confess
That they have lost the happy pow'r to please.
If you suspect the rogue inclin'd to break, 25
Break first, and swear you've turned him off a week ;
As princes, when they resty statesmen doubt,
Before they can surrender, turn them out.
Whate'er you think, grave uses may be made,
As much ev'n for inconstancy be said. 30

* See the Wild-geese Chase.

Let the good man for marriage rites design'd,
With studious care and diligence of mind,
Turn over ev'ry page of womankind ;
Mark ev'ry sense, and how the readings vary,
And when he knows the worst on't--let him marry. 35



H 2

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARRY,

At the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, 7th April 1709, at her playing in Love for Love with Mrs. Bracegirdle, for the Benefit of Mr. Betterton.

A Some brave knight, who once with spear and shield
Had fought renown in many a well-fought field,
But now no more with sacred fame inspir'd,
Was to a peaceful hermitage retir'd :

There if by chance disastrous tales he hears
Of matron's wrongs, and captive virgin's tears,
He feels soft pity urge his gen'rous breast,
And vows once more to succour the distress'd :
Buckled in mail he sallies on the plain,
And turns him to the feats of arms again :

So we, to former leagues of friendship true,
Have bid once more our peaceful homes adieu,
To aid old Thomas, and to pleasure you :
Like errant damsels boldly we engage,
Arm'd as you see for the defenceless stage.
Time was when this good man no help did lack,
And scorn'd that any she should hold his back ;
But now, so age and frailty have ordain'd,
By two* at once he's forc'd to be sustain'd.
You see what failing Nature brings man to,
And yet let none insult : for ought we know,
She may not wear so well with some of you.
Tho' old, you find his strength is not clean past,
But, true as steel, he's metal to the last.

If better he perform'd in days of yore,
Yet now he gives you all that's in his pow'r ;
What can the youngest of you all do more ?

What has been done, tho' present praise be dumb,
Shall haply be a theme in times to come,
As now we talk of Roscius and of Rome.

Had you withheld your favours on this night,
Old Shakespeare's ghost had risen to do him right ;

† Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle clasp him round the waist.

With indignation had you seen him frown
 Upon a worthless, witlefs, tasteless town ;
 Griev'd and repining, you had heard him say 35
 Why are the Muse's labours cast away ?
 Why did I write what only he could play ?
 But since, like friends to wit, thus throng'd you meet,
 Go on and make the gen'rous work complete :
 Be true to merit, and still own his cause ; 40
 Find something for him more than bare applause.
 In just remembrance of your pleasures past,
 Be kind, and give him a discharge at last ;
 In peace and ease life's remnant let him wear,
 And hang his consecrated buskin* there. 45

† Pointing to the top of the stage.



EPILOGUE TO THE CRUEL GIFT,

A TRAGEDY BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

As it was acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, 1717.

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

WELL---'twas a narrow 'scape my lover made ;
 That cup and message---I was sore afraid---
 Was that a present for a new-made widow,
 All in her dismal dumps, like doleful Dido ?
 When one peep'd in---and hop'd for something good,
 There was-- oh Gad ; a nasty heart and blood* . 6
 If the old man had shewn himself a father,
 His bowl should have enclos'd a cordial rather,
 Something to cheer me up amidst my trance,
L'Eau de Bardè---or comfortable Nantz !† 10
 He thought he paid it off with being smart,
 And, to be witty, cry'd he'd send the heart.
 I could have told his gravity moreover,
 Were I our sex's secrets to discover,
 'Tis what we never look'd for in a lover. 15
 Let but the bridegroom prudently provide
 All other matters fitting for a bride ;
 So he make good the jewels and the jointure,
 To miss the heart does seldom disappoint her.
 Faith, for the fashion hearts of late are made in, 20
 They are the vilest baubles we can trade in.
 Where are the tough brave Britons to be found,
 With hearts of oak so much of old renown'd ?
 How many worthy gentlemen of late
 Swore to be true to mother church and state ; 25
 When their false hearts were secretly maintaining
 Yon trim king Pepin, at Avignon reigning ?
 Shame on the canting crew of foul insurors,
 The Tyburn tribe of speech-making Nonjurors,
 Who in new-fangled terms old truths explaining, 30
 Teach honest Englishmen damn'd double-meaning !

* This tragedy was founded upon the story of Sigismonda and Guiscardo, one of Boccace's novels, wherein the heart of the lover is sent by the father to his daughter as a present.

† Citron-water and good brandy.

Oh ! would you lost integrity restore,
And boast that faith your plain forefathers bore,
What surer pattern can you hope to find
Than that dear pledge* your monarch left behind ? 35
See how he looks his honest heart explain,
And speak the blessings of his future reign !
In his each feature truth and candour trace,
And read plain-dealing written in his face. 39

* The Prince of Wales then present.



IMITATIONS, &c.

HOR. LIB. II. ODE IV.

AD XANTHIAM.

I.

NE sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori,
Xanthia Phoceu : prius insolentem
Serva Briseis niveo colore
Movit Achillem.

II.

Movit Ajacem, Telamono natum,
Forma captivæ dominum Tecmessæ :
Arfit Atrides medio in triumpho
Virgine raptâ :

III.

Barbaræ postquam cecidere turmæ
Theffalo victore, et ademptus Hector
Tradidit fessis leviora tolli
Pergama Graiis.

IV.

Nescias, en te generum beati
Phyllidis flavæ decorent parentes :
Regium certè genus, et Penates
Mœret iniquos.

V.

Crede non illam tibi de scelestâ
Plebe delectam : neque sic fidelem,
Sic lucro averfam potuisse nasci
Matre pudendâ.

VI.

Brachia et vultum, teretesque furas
Integer laudo fuge suspicari,
Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas
Claudere lustrum.

HOR. B. II. ODE IV. IMITATED.

THE LORD GRIFFIN TO THE EARL OF SCARSDALE.

I.

DO not, most fragrant Earl ! disclaim
 Thy bright, thy reputable flame,
 To Bracegirdle the brown,
 But publicly espouse the dame,
 And say, G—— d—— the town.

5

II.

Full many heroes, fierce and keen,
 With drabs have deeply smitten been,
 Altho' right good commanders ;
 Some who with you have Hounslow seen,
 And some who've been in Flanders.

10

III.

Did not base Greber's Pegg * inflame
 The sober Earl of Nottingham,
 Of sober fire descended ?
 That, careless of his soul and fame,
 To playhouses he nightly came,
 And left church undefended.

16

IV.

The monarch who of France is height,
 Who rules the roast with matchless might,
 Since William went to heav'n,
 Loves Maintenon, his lady bright,
 Who was but Scarron's leaving.

21

V.

Tho' thy dear's father kept an inn,
 At grisly Head of Saracen,
 For carriers at Northampton ;
 Yet she might come of gentler kin,
 Than e'er that father dreamt on.

26

VI.

Of proffers large her choice had she,
 Of jewels, plate, and land in fee,

* Signora Francesco Marguareta de l'Epine, an Italian songstress.

Which she with scorn rejected ;
And can a nymph so virtuous be
Of base-born blood suspected ?

31

VII.

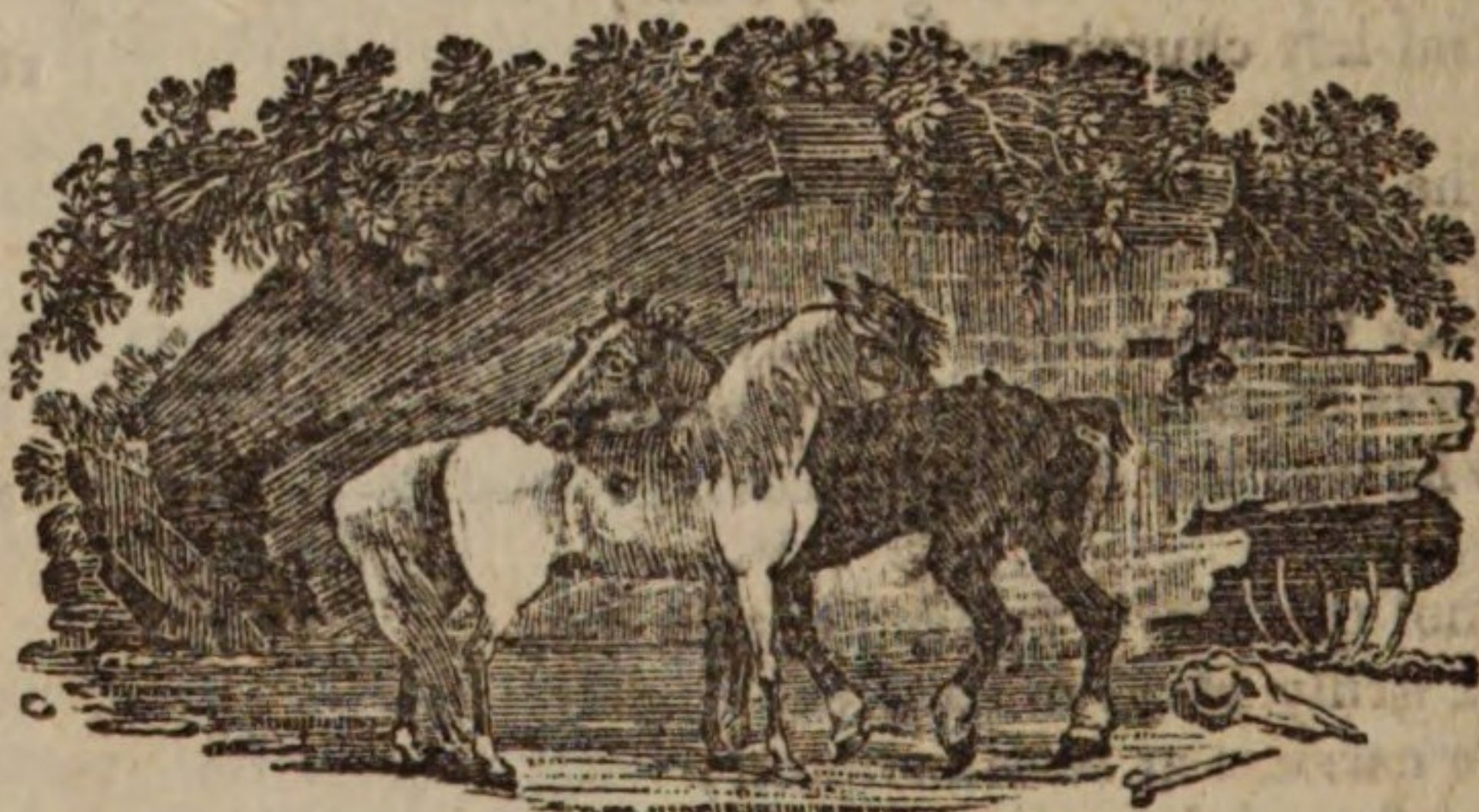
Her dimple cheek, and roguish eye,
Her slender waist, and taper thigh,
I always thought provoking ;
But faith tho' I talk waggishly,
I mean no more than joking.

36

VIII.

Then be not jealous, Friend ! for why ?
My lady Marchioness is nigh,
To see I ne'er should hurt ye ;
Besides, you know full well that I
Am turn'd of five-and-forty.

41



HOR. LIB. III. ODE IX.

AD LYDIAM.

HOR.

DONEC gratus eram tibi,
Nec quisquam, potior brachia candidæ
Cervici juvenis dabat,
Persarum vigui Rege beatior.

4

LYD. Donec non alia magis
Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloën,
Multi Lydia nominis
Romanâ vigui clarior Iliâ.

8

HOR. Me nunc Cressa Chloë regit,
Dulces docta modos, et Citharæ sciens;
Pro qua non metuum mori,
Si parcent animæ fata superstiti.

12

LYD. Me torret face mutuâ.
Thurini Calais filius Ornithi:
Pro quo bis partiar mori
Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

16

HOR. Quid, si prisca redit Venus?
Diductosque jugo cogit aheneo?
Si flava excutitur Chloë,
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?

20

LYD. Quanquam fidere pulchrior
Ille est, tu levior cortice, et improbo
Iracundior Adriâ,
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

24



THE RECONCILEMENT BETWEEN
JACOB TONSON AND MR. CONGREVE.

AN IMITATION OF HOR. BOOK III. ODE IX.

TONSON.

WHILE at my house, in Fleet-street, once you lay
How merrily, dear Sir! time pass'd away?
While "I partook your wine, your wit, and mirth,
"I was the happiest creature on God's yearth *."

CON. While in your early days of reputation, 5
You for blue garters had not such a passion,
While yet you did not use (as now your trade is)
To drink with noble lords and toast their ladies,
Thou, Jacob Tonson! wert, to my conceiving,
The cheerfullest, best, honestest, fellow living. 10

TON. I'm in with Captain Vanbrug at the present,
A most sweet-natur'd gentleman and pleasant!
He writes your comedies, draws schemes and models,
And builds dukes' houses upon very odd hills;
For him, so much I dote on him, that I, 15
If I was sure to go to heav'n, would die.

CON. Temple † and Delaval are now my party,
Men that are *tam Mercurio* both *quam Marte*;
And tho' for them I shall scarce go to heaven,
Yet I can drink with them six nights in seven. 20

TON. What if from Van's dear arms I should retire,
And once more warm my bunnians ‡ at you fire?
If I to Bow-street should invite you home,
And set a bed up in my dining-room,
Tell me, dear Mr. Congreve! would you come? 25

CON. Tho' the gay sailor and the gentle knight,
Where ten times more my joy and heart's delight,
Tho' civil persons they, you ruder were,
And had more humours than a dancing bear;
Yet for your sake I'd bid them both adieu,
And live and die, dear Bob! with only you. 31

* Tonson (Sen.) his dialect.

† Sir Richard Temple, afterwards Lord Cobham.

‡ Jacob's term for his corns.

HOR. LIB. III. ODE XXI.

AD AMPHORAM.

I.

ONATA mecum Confule Manlio,
 Seu tu querelas, five geris jocos,
 Seu rixam, et insanos amores,
 Seu facilem, pia testa, somnum :

4

II.

Quocunque lectum nomine Massicum
 Servas, moveri digna bono die :
 Descende, Corvino jubente,
 Promere languidiora vina.

8

III.

Non ille, quanquam Socraticis madet
 Sermonibus, te negliget horridus :
 Narratur et prisca Catonis
 Sæpè mero caluisse virtus.

12

IV.

Tulene tormentum ingenio admoves
 Plerumque duro : tu sapientium
 Curas, et arcanum jocoſo
 Confilium retegis Lyæo.

16

V.

Tu spem reducis mentibus anxiiis,
 Viresque, et addis cornua pauperi,
 Post te neque iratos trementi
 Regum apices, neque militum arma.

20

VI.

Te liber, et, si læta aderit Venus,
 Segnesque nodum solvere Gratia,
 Vivæque producent lucernæ,
 Dum rediens fugat astra Phoebus.

24

I

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE XXI.

TO HIS CASK.

I.

HAIL, gentle Cask! whose venerable head,
 With hoary down and ancient dust o'erspread,
 Proclaims that since the vine first brought thee forth
 Old age has added to thy worth,
 Whether the sprightly juice thou dost contain 5
 Thy votaries will to wit and love
 Or senseless noise and lewdness move,
 Or sleep, the cure of these and ev'ry other pain.

II.

Since to some day propitious and great
 Justly at first thou was design'd by Fate, 10
 This day, the happiest of thy many years,
 With thee I will forget my cares :
 To my Corvinus' health thou shalt go round,
 (Since thou art ripen'd for to-day,
 And longer age would bring decay) 15
 Till ev'ry anxious thought in the rich stream be drown'd.

III.

To thee my friend his roughness shall submit,
 And Socrates himself a while forget.
 Thus when old Cato would sometimes unbend
 The rugged stiffness of his mind, 20
 Stern and severe; the Stoic quaff'd his bowl,
 His frozen virtue felt the charm,
 And soon grew pleas'd, and soon grew warm, [soul.
 And blest'd the sprightly pow'r that cheer'd his gloomy

IV.

With kind constraint ill-nature thou dost bend, 25
 And mould the snarling Cynic to a friend.
 The sage reserv'd, and fam'd for gravity,
 Finds all he knows summ'd up in thee,
 And by thy pow'r unlock'd grows easy, gay, and free.
 The swain, who did some cred'lous nymph persuade
 To grant him all, inspir'd by thee, 31
 Devotes her to his vanity,
 And to his fellow fops toasts the abandon'd maid.

V.

The wretch who press'd beneath a load of cares,
 And lab'ring with continual woes despairs, 5
 If thy kind warmth does his chill'd sense invade,
 From earth he rears his drooping head;
 Reviv'd by thee, he ceases now to mourn;
 His flying cares give way to haste,
 And to the god resign his breast, 40
 Where hopes of better days and better things return.

VI.

The lab'ring hind, who with hard toil and pains,
 Amidst his wants a wretched life maintains,
 If thy rich juice his homely supper crown,
 Hot with thy fires, and bolder grown, 45
 Of kings and of their arbitrary pow'r,
 And how by impious arms they reign,
 Fiercely he talks with rude disdain,
 And vows to be a slave, to be a wretch no more.

VII.

Fair queen of Love, and thou great god of Wine! 50
 Hear every grace, and all ye pow'rs divine,
 All that to mirth and friendship do incline!
 Crown this auspicious cask and happy night
 With all things that can give delight;
 Be every care and anxious thought away! 55
 Ye tapers still be bright and clear,
 Rival the moon and each pale star; [day.
 Your beams shall yield to none but his who brings the



HOR. LIB. IV. ODE I.

AD VENEREM.

INTERMISSA Venus diu,
 Rerfus bella moves: Parce, precor, precor.
 Non sum qualis eram bonæ
 Sub regno Cynaræ: desine dulcium
 Mater sæva Cupidinum,
 Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
 Jam duram imperiis: abi
 Quo blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.
 Tempestivius in domo
 Pauli, purpureis ales oloribus,
 Commessabere Maximi,
 Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum,
 Namque et nobilis, et decens,
 Et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis,
 Et centum puer artium
 Late signa feret militiæ tuæ.
 Et, quandoque potentior
 Largis muneribus riserit æmuli,
 Albanos prope, te, lacus
 Ponet marmoream sub trabe Citreâ,
 Illic plurima naribus
 Duces thura, lyræque, et Berecynthiæ
 Delectabere tibiæ
 Mistis carminibus, non sine fistula.
 Illic bis pueri die
 Numen cum leneris virginibus tuum
 Laudantes, pede candido
 In morem Salium ter quatiunt humum.
 Me nec fæmina, nec puer
 Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
 Nec certare juvat mero,
 Nec vincere novis tempora floribus.
 Sed cur heu, Ligurine, cur
 Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?]
 Cur facunda parûm decoro
 Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?

Nocturnis te ego somniis
Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor
Te per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aques, dure, volubiles.

40



HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS.

ONCE more the queen of Love invades my breast,
 Late with long ease and peaceful pleasures blest;
 Spare, spare the wretch that still has been thy slave,
 And let my former service have
 The merit to protect me to the grave. 5
 Much have I chang'd from what I once have been,
 When under Cynera, the good and fair,
 With joy I did thy fetters wear,
 Bless'd in the gentle sway of an indulgent queen.
 Stiff, and unequal to the labour, now, 10
 With pain, my neck beneath thy yoke I bow.
 Why dost thou urge me still to bear? Oh! why
 Dost thou not much rather fly
 To youthful breasts, to mirth and gaiety?
 Go, bid thy swans their glossy wings expand, 15
 And swiftly thro' the yielding air
 To Damon thee their goddess bear,
 Worthy to be thy slave, and fit for thy command.
 Noble and graceful, witty, gay and young,
 Joy in his heart, love on his charming tongue, 20
 Skill'd in a thousand soft prevailing arts,
 With wondrous force the youth imparts
 Thy pow'r to unexperienc'd virgins' hearts.
 Far shall he stretch the bounds of thy command;
 And if thou shalt his wishes bless 25
 Beyond his rivals with success,
 In gold and marble shall thy statues stand.
 Beneath the sacred shade of Odel's wood,
 Or on the banks of Ouse's gentle flood,
 With od'rous beams a temple he shall raise, 30
 For ever sacred to thy praise;
 Till the fair stream, and wood, and love itself, decays.
 There, while rich incense on thy altar burns,
 Thy votaries, the nymphs and swains,
 In melting soft harmonious strains, 35

Mix'd with the softer flutes, shall tell their flames by
As Love and Beauty with the light are born, [turns.
So with the day thy honours shall return.
Some lovely youth, pair'd with a blushing maid,
A troop of either sex shall lead, 40
And twice the Salian measures round thy altar tread.
Thus, with an equal empire o'er the light,
The queen of love and god of wit
Together rise, together sit:
But, goddess! do thou stay and bless alone the night:
There mayst thou reign, while I forget to love; 46
No more false beauty shall my passion move,
Nor shall my fond believing heart be led,
By mutual vows, and oaths betray'd,
To hope for truth from the protesting maid. 50
With love the sprightly joys of wine are fled;
The roses too shall wither now
That us'd to shade and crown my brow,
And round my cheerful temples fragrant odours shed.
But tell me, Cynthia! say, bewitching fair, 55
What mean these sighs? why steals this falling tear?
And when my struggling thoughts for passage strove,
Why did my tongue refuse to move;
Tell me, can this be any thing but love?
Still with the night my dreame my griefs renew, 60
Still she is present to my eyes,
And still in vain I, as she flies,
O'er woods, and plains, and seas, the scornful maid
pursue.



HOR. LIB. I. EPIST. IV.

AD ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

A LBI, nostrorum sermonum candide iudex,
 Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedanâ
 Scribere quod Cossî Parmensis opuscula vincat?
 An tacitum sylvas inter reptare salubres.
 Curantem quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque est? 5
 Non tu corpus eras sine pectore. Dî tibi formam,
 Dî tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi.
 Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
 Quam sapere, et fari ut possit quæ sentiat, et utque
 Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abundè. 10
 Et mundus victus, non deficiente crumenâ?
 Inter spem, curamque, timores inter et iras,
 Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.
 Grata superveniet, quæ non sperabitur, hora.
 Me pinguem, et nitidum benè curata cute vises,
 Cùm ridere voles Epicuri de grege porcum. 16



HORACE, BOOK I. EPIST. IV.

IMITATED.

To Richard Thornhill, Esq.

THORNHILL! whom doubly to my heart com-
 The critic's art and candour of a friend, [mend
 Say what thou dost in thy retirement find
 Worthy the labours of thy active mind?
 Whether the Tragic Muse inspires thy thought, 5
 To emulate what moving Otway wrote;
 Or whether to the covert of some grove
 Thou and thy thoughts do from the world remove;
 Where to thyself thou all those rules dost show
 That good men ought to practise, or wise know? 10
 For sure thy mass of man is no dull clay,
 But well inform'd with the celestial ray.
 The bounteous gods, to thee completely kind,
 In a fair frame enclos'd thy fairer mind,
 And though they did profusely wealth bestow, 15
 They gave thee the true use of wealth to know.
 Could ev'n the nurse wish for her darling boy
 A happiness which thou dost not enjoy?
 What can her fond ambition ask beyond
 A soul by wisdom's noblest precepts crown'd, 20
 To this fair speech and happy utt'rance join'd,
 T'unlock the secret treasures of the mind,
 And make the blessing common to mankind?
 On these let health and reputation wait,
 The favour of the virtuous and the great; 25
 A table cheerfully and cleanly spread,
 Stranger alike to riot and to need;
 Such an estate as no extremes may know,
 A free and just disdain for all things else below.
 Amidst uncertain hopes and anxious cares, 30
 Tumultuous strife, and miserable fears,
 Prepare for all events thy constant breast,
 And let each day be to thee as thy last.

That morning's dawn will with new pleasure rise,
Whose light shall unexpected bless thy eyes. 35
Me, when to town in winter you repair,
Batt'ning in ease you'll find sleek, fresh, and fair;
Me, who have learn'd from Epicurus' lore,
To snatch the blessings of the flying hour,
Whom ev'ry Friday at the Vine * you'll find,
His true disciple, and your faithful friend. 41

* A Tavern in Long-Acre.





ROYAL.

She sees his face divine, and manly brow
End in a fish's wreathe tail below.

Ulysses & Circe's Love.

THE STORY OF
GLAUCUS AND SCYLLA,

From Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book XIII.

HERE ceas'd the nymph, the fair assembly broke,
 The sea-green Nereids to the waves betook :
 While Scylla, fearful of the wide-spread main,
 Swift to the safer shore returns again ;
 There o'er the sandy margin, unarray'd, 5
 With printless footsteps flies the bounding maid ;
 Or, in some winding creek's secure retreat, [heat.
 She bathes her weary limbs, and shuns the noon-day's
 Her Glaucus saw, as o'er the deep he rode,
 New to the seas, and late receiv'd a god : 10
 He saw, and languish'd for the virgin's love ;
 With many an artful blandishment he strove
 Her flight to hinder, and her fears remove.
 The more he sues, the more she wings her flight,
 And nimbly gains a neighbouring mountain's height,
 Steep shelving to the margin of the flood, 16
 A neighbouring mountain bare and woodless stood :
 Here, by the place secur'd, her steps she stay'd,
 And, trembling still, her lover's form survey'd.
 His shape, his hue, her troubled sense appal, 20
 And dropping locks that o'er his shoulders fall :
 She sees his face divine, and manly brow,
 End in a fish's wreathy tail below :
 She sees, and doubts, within her anxious mind,
 Whether he comes of god or monster kind. 25
 This Glaucus soon perceiv'd ; and " Oh ! forbear,
 (His hand supporting on a rock lay near)
 " Forbear," he cry'd, " fond Maid ! this needless fear ;
 " Nor fish am I, nor monster of the main,
 " But equal with the wat'ry gods I reign ; 30
 " Nor Proteus nor Palemon me excel,
 " Nor he whose breath inspires the sounding shell.
 " My birth 'tis true I owe to mortal race,
 " And I myself but late a mortal was ;

- " Ev'n then in seas, and seas alone, I joy'd ; 35
 " The seas my hours, and all my cares employ'd.
 " In meshes now the twinkling prey I drew,
 " Now skilfully the slender line I threw,
 " And silent sat the moving float to view.
 " Not far from shore there lies a verdant mead, 40
 " With herbage half, and half with water spread ;
 " There nor the horned heifers browsing stray,
 " Nor shaggy kids, nor wanton lambkins play ;
 " There nor the sounding bees their nectar cull,
 " Nor rural swains their genial chaplets pull ; 45
 " Nor flocks, nor herds, nor mowers, haunt the place,
 " To crop the flow'rs, or cut the bushy grafs :
 " Thither sure first of living race came I,
 " And sat by chance my dropping nets to dry :
 " My scaly prize in order all display'd, 50
 " By number on the greensword there I laid,
 " My captives, whom or in my nets I took,
 " Or hung unwary on my wily hook.
 " Strange to behold ! yet what avails a lie ?
 " I saw them bite the grafs, as I sat by ; 55
 " Then sudden darting o'er the verdant plain,
 " They spread their fins as in their native main.
 " I paus'd, with wonder struck, while all my prey
 " Left their new master, and regain'd the sea.
 " Amaz'd, within my secret self I sought 60
 " What god, what herb, the miracle had wrought :
 " But sure no herbs have pow'r like this, I cry'd,
 " And straight I pluck'd some neighb'ring herbs and
 try'd.
 " Scarce had I bit, and prov'd the wondrous taste,
 " When strong convulsions shook my troubled breast ;
 " I felt my heart grow fond of something strange, 66
 " And my whole nature lab'ring with a change ;
 " Restless I grew, and ev'ry place forsook,
 " And still upon the seas I bent my look.
 " Farewel for ever, farewel land ! I said, 70
 " And plung'd amidst the waves my sinking head.
 " The gentle pow'rs, who that low empire keep,
 " Receiv'd me as a brother of the deep ;

“ To Tethys and to Ocean old they pray,
 “ To purge my mortal earthy parts away : 75
 “ The watr’y parents to their suit agreed,
 “ And thrice nine times a secret charm they read,
 “ Then with lustrations purify my limbs,
 “ And bid me bathe beneath a hundred streams ;
 “ A hundred streams from various fountains run, 80
 “ And on my head at once come rushing down.
 “ Thus far each passage I remember well,
 “ And faithfully thus far the tale I tell,
 “ But then oblivion dark on all my senses fell.
 “ Again at length my thought reviving came, 85
 “ When I no longer found myself the same ;
 “ Then first this sea-green beard I felt to grow,
 “ And these large honours on my spreading brow ;
 “ My long descending locks the billows sweep, 89
 “ And my broad shoulders cleave the yielding deep ;
 “ My fishy tail, my arms of azure hue,
 “ And ev’ry part divinely chang’d I view.
 “ But what avail these useless honours now ?
 “ What joys can immortality bestow ?
 “ What tho’ our Nereids all my form approve ? 95
 “ What boots it while fair Scylla scorns my love ?”

Thus far the god, and more he would have said,
 When from his presence flew the ruthless maid.
 Stung with repulse in such disdainful sort
 He seeks Titanian Circe’s horrid court. 100



ON CONTENTMENT.

FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD *.

MANY, that once by Fortune's bounty rear'd,
Amidst the wealthy and the great appear'd,
Have wisely from those envy'd heights declin'd,
Have sunk to that just level of mankind
Where nor too little nor too much gives the true peace
of mind.

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* In his *Meditationes Sacrae*.

ON THE LAST JUDGMENT,
AND THE
HAPPINESS OF THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD.

IN that blest'd day from ev'ry part the just,
Rais'd from the liquid deep or mould'ring dust,
The various products of Time's fruitful womb,
All of past ages, present, and to come,
In full assembly shall at once resort, 5
And meet within high Heaven's capacious court.
There famous names rever'd in days of old,
Our great forefathers there we shall behold,
From whom old stocks and ancestry began,
And worthily in long succession ran ; 10
The rev'rend fires with pleasure shall we greet,
Attentive hear while faithful they repeat
Full many a virtuous deed, and many a noble feat.
There all those tender ties which here below
Or kindred or more sacred friendship know 15
Firm, constant, and unchangeable, shall grow,
Refin'd from passion, and the dregs of sense,
A better, truer, dearer, love from thence
Its everlasting being shall commence. 19
There, like their days, their joys shall ne'er be done,
No night shall rise to shade Heaven's glorious sun,
But one eternal holiday go on. 22



TRANSLATIONS.

THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS, TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

To the Reader.

I hope the reader will forgive the liberty I have taken in translating these Verses somewhat at large, without which it would have been almost impossible to have given any kind of turn in English poetry to so dry a subject. The sense of the author is I hope no where mistaken; and if there seems in some places to be some additions in the English verses to the Greek text, they are only such as may be justified from Hierocles's Commentary, and delivered by him as the larger and explained sense of the author's short precept. I have in some few places ventured to differ from the learned Mr. Dacier's French interpretation, as those that shall give themselves the trouble of a strict comparison will find; how far I am in the right is left to the reader to determine.

FIRST to the gods thy humble homage pay;
The greatest this and first of laws obey:
Perform thy vows, observe thy plighted troth,
And let religion bind thee to thy oath.
The heroes next demand thy just regard, 5
Renown'd on earth and to the stars preferr'd,
To light and endless life, their virtue's sure reward.
Due rites perform'd and honours to the dead,
To ev'ry wise to ev'ry pious shade,
With lowly duty to thy parents bow, 10
And grace and favour to thy kindred show.
For what concerns the rest of human-kind
Chuse out the man to virtue best inclin'd,
Him to thy arms receive, him to thy bosom bind.
Possess'd of such a friend, preserve him still, 15
Nor thwart his counsels with thy stubborn will;
Pliant to all his admonitions prove,
And yield to all his offices of love:
Him from thy heart so true, so justly dear,
Let no rash word nor light offences tear; 20
Bear all thou canst, still with his failings strive,
And to the utmost still and still forgive;
For strong necessity alone explores
The secret vigour of our latent pow'rs,

Rouses and urges on the lazy heart, 25
Force, to itself unknown before, t' exert.
By use thy stronger appetites assuage,
Thy gluttony, thy sloth, thy lust, thy rage.
From each dishonest act of shame forbear;
Of others and thyself alike beware : 30
Let rev'rence of thyself thy thoughts control,
And guard the sacred temple of thy soul;
Let justice o'er thy word and deed preside,
And reason e'en thy meanest actions guide;
For know that death is man's appointed doom, 35
Know that the day of great account will come,
When thy past life shall strictly be survey'd
Each word, each deed, be in the balance laid,
And all the good and all the ill most justly be repaid.
For wealth, the perishing uncertain good, 40
Ebbing and flowing like the fickle flood,
That knows no sure, no fix'd abiding place,
But wand'ring loves from hand to hand to pass,
Revolve the getter's joy and loser's pain,
And think if it be worth thy while to gain, 45
Of all those sorrows that attend mankind
With patience bear the lot to thee assign'd;
Nor think it chance, nor murmur at the load,
For know what man calls Fortune is from God.
In what thou mayst from Wisdom seek relief, 50
And let her healing hand assuage thy grief;
Yet still whate'er the righteous doom ordains,
What cause soever multiplies thy pains,
Let not those pains as ills be understood,
For God delights not to afflict the good. 55
The reas'ning art to various ends apply'd
Is oft a sure, but oft an erring guide;
Thy judgment therefore sound and cool preserve,
Nor lightly from thy resolution swerve.
The dazzling pomp of words does oft deceive, 60
And sweet persuasion wins the easy to believe.

When fools and liars labour to persuade,
Be dumb, and let the babblers vainly plead.

This above all, this precept, chiefly learn,
This nearly does, and first, thyself concern ; 65
Let not example, let no soothing tongue,
Prevail upon thee with a Siren's song,
To do thy soul's immortal essence wrong.
Of good and ill by words or deeds exprest
Chuse for thyself, and always chuse the best. 70

Let wary thought each enterprize forerun,
And ponder on thy task before begun,
Lest folly should the wretched work deface,
And mock thy fruitless labours with disgrace.
Fools huddle on, and always are in haste, 75
Act without thought, and thoughtless words they waste :
But thou in all thou dost with early cares
Strive to prevent at first a fate like theirs,
That sorrow on the end may never wait,
Nor sharp repentance make thee wise too late. 80

Beware thy meddling hand in aught to try
That does beyond thy reach of knowledge lie,
But seek to know and bend thy serious thought
To search the profitable knowledge out ;
So joys on joys for ever shall increase, 85
Wisdom shall crown thy labours, and shall bless
Thy life with pleasure and thy end with peace.

Nor let the body want its part, but share
A just proportion of thy tender care :
For health and welfare prudently provide, 90
And let its lawful wants be all supply'd ;
Let sober draughts refresh, and wholesome fare
Decaying nature's wasted force repair,
And sprightly exercise the duller spirits cheer.
In all things still which to this care belong 95
Observe this rule, to guard thy soul from wrong.
By virtuous use thy life and manners frame,
Manly, and simply pure, and free from blame.

Provoke not Envy's deadly rage, but fly
The glancing curse of her malicious eye. 100

Seek not in needless luxury to waste
Thy wealth and substance with a spendthrift's haste:
Yet flying these, be watchful lest thy mind,
Prone to extremes, an equal danger find,
And be to sordid avarice inclin'd: 105
Distant alike from each, to neither lean,
But ever keep the happy golden mean.

Be careful still to guard thy soul from wrong,
And let thy thought prevent thy hand and tongue.

Let not the stealing god of Sleep surprise, 110
Nor creep in slumbers on thy weary eyes,
Ere ev'ry action of the former day
Strictly thou dost and righteously survey.
With rev'rence at thy own tribunal stand,
And answer justly to thy own demand, 115

Where have I been? in what have I transgress'd?
What good or ill has this day's life express'd?
Where have I fail'd in what I ought to do?
In what to God, to man, or to myself, I owe?
Inquire severe whate'er from first to last 120
From morning's dawn till ev'ning's gloom has past.

If evil were thy deeds, repenting mourn,
And let thy soul with strong remorse be torn:
If good, the good with peace of mind repay,
And to thy secret self with pleasure say, 125
"Rejoice, my Heart! for all went well to-day."

These thoughts, and chiefly these, thy mind should
Employ thy study, and engage thy love. [move,
These are the rules which will to Virtue lead,
And teach thy feet her heavenly paths to tread; 130
This by his name I swear whose sacred lore
First to mankind explain'd the mystic Four,
Source of eternal nature and almighty pow'r.

In all thou dost first let thy pray'rs ascend,
And to the gods thy labours first commend; 135
From them implore success, and hope a prosp'rous end.

So shall thy abler mind be taught to soar,
 And Wisdom in her secret ways explore ;
 To range thro' heav'n above and earth below,
 Immortal gods and mortal men to know : 140
 So shalt thou learn what pow'r does all control,
 What bounds the parts, and what unites the whole,
 And rightly judge in all this wondrous frame
 How universal Nature is the same :
 So shalt thou ne'er thy vain affections place 145
 On hopes of what shall never come to pass.

Man, wretched Man! thou shalt be taught to know,
 Who bears within himself the inborn cause of woe.
 Unhappy race! that never yet could tell
 How near their good and happiness they dwell. 150
 Depriv'd of sense, they neither hear nor see,
 Fetter'd in vice, they seek not to be free,
 But stupid to their own sad fate agree ;
 Like pond'rous rolling-stones, oppress with ill,
 The weight that loads them makes them roll on still,
 Bereft of choice and freedom of the will ; 156
 For native strife in ev'ry bosom reigns,
 And secretly an impious war maintains :
 Provoke not this, but let the combat cease,
 And ev'ry yielding passion sue for peace. 160

Wouldst thou, great Jove! thou father of mankind,
 Reveal the demon for that task assign'd,
 The wretched race an end of woes would find.
 And yet be bold, O Man! divine thou art,
 And of the gods' celestial essence part ; 165
 Nor sacred nature is from thee conceal'd,
 But to thy race her mystic rules reveal'd :
 These if to know thou happily attain,
 Soon shalt thou perfect be in all that I ordain,
 Thy wounded soul to health thou shalt restore, 170
 And free from ev'ry pain she felt before.

Abstain, I warn, from meats unclean and foul,
 So keep thy body pure, so free thy soul,
 So rightly judge, thy reason so maintain,
 Reason which heaven did for thy guide ordain ; 175
 Let that best reason ever hold the rein.

Then if this mortal body thou forsake,
And thy glad flight to the pure ether take,
Among the gods exalted shalt thou shine,
Immortal, incorruptible, divine ;
The tyrant death securely shalt thou brave,
And scorn the dark dominion of the grave.

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THE FIRST BOOK OF
QUILLET'S CALLIPÆDIA,

TRANSLATED.

The Argument.

The Proposition. An Invocation of the most beautiful Deities. The Poet deduces the cause of beauty, according as it is esteemed in different countries, by applying the Story of Pandora to his purpose. He sets down the conditions of choosing a fit pair to procreate a handsome offspring, and ends with the approaching nuptials. He likewise, by way of digression, inveighs against the covetousness of the age, which blindly seeks after a large portion rather than an agreeable temper and constitution. An Apostrophe to the present King of France, wherein he proposes what kind of lady he would wish him to choose for his royal consort, who might bring him a beautiful race of children.

WHAT crowns the fruitful marriage bed with
joy,

What forms the lovely girl and manly boy,
What kindly stars the juster features trace,
What happy influence bestows the grace,
And breathes the bloom divine upon the beauteous face;

What secret springs the forming fancy move, 6

What force the mind exerts in genial love,

How the fair soul is in the body seen,

And outward beauty speaks the worth within,

In flowing verse attempts the willing muse, 10

And tunefully the pleasing theme pursues.

Hear, Oh! ye fairest of the nymphs divine,

Ye graces hear, and to the task incline:

And thou great mother of almighty love,

If once in Phrygian Ida's sacred grove 15

Thy form victorious did the prize obtain,

By the just judgment of the righteous swain,

Hear and inspire thy soft Idalian strain.

So shall delight my happy labours bless,

And pleasing thoughts in pleasing numbers dress; 20

So shall my grateful verse thy laws impart,

And teach mankind with joy the genial art.

Whene'er in times to come it shall betide,

That the kind bridegroom would instruct his bride,

My verse shall by the skilful youth be read 25

To the dear partner of his nuptial bed;

The muse instructive shall their offspring grace,
 And form the future honours of their race;
 Beauty the long successive line shall crown,
 And no deform'd unsightly birth be known ; 30
 In ev'ry face the Cyprian queen shall reign,
 And mutually adorn the nymph and swain.
 You who a parent's pleasing hopes conceive,
 Who lovely patterns of yourselves would leave ;
 You to whose care the rites of love belong, 35
 Attend, and listen to my useful song.
 If soft the verse, if sweet the numbers flow,
 A Myrtle wreath my just reward bestow,
 And bind, with grateful hands, your poet's learned
 brow.

But first, my muse, describe the doubtful fair, 40
 Beauty's celestial essence first declare ;
 The sacred substance of the goddess tell,
 And in what forms she most delights to dwell ;
 What honours on the noblest fronts are spread,
 What roses paint the cheeks with brightest red ; 45
 What colours best become the flowing hair,
 What locks most graceful wanton in the air ;
 What lips the sweetest breathe the fragrant bliss,
 And swell the softest to the melting kiss ;
 What hands are fashion'd in the finest mould, 50
 What circling arms do best the lover hold,
 And press him with the closest, kindest fold.

But, Oh ! confus'd and dark the question lies,
 Perplex'd the cause, and doubts on doubts arise.
 Each as he loves, his diff'ring praise bestows, 55
 This youth to snowy Amaryllis bows,
 While that to brown Lycoris pays his vows :
 Daphnis in Flavia's yellow ringlets bound,
 Admires the nymphs with golden tresses crown'd ;
 While Thyrsis doating on the jetty black, 60
 Starts at the burning gold, and flies with horror back.
 Some eyes all hearts with lively grey subdue,
 Some with the languish of the lovely blue ;

Some the fond rage with sparkling black inspire,
Quick shoot the flames, and kindle up the fire. 65
Some swains the slender waisted virgin prize,
And loathe the bulky fat's unwieldy size :
While some the thin, the shadowy form detest,
And choose to press the plump luxuriant breast ;
On full delights their wishes to employ, 70
Grasp the substantial fair, and fate themselves with joy.
Such are the various springs our passions move,
And such the many heresies of Love :
Thus is the mind by blind desire betray'd,
Thus by fantastic fancy are we sway'd, 75
We like, we love, then deify the maid.

Nor only man to various thoughts inclin'd,
Finds differing beauties in the softer kind,
But e'en his own majestic form surveys,
As partial nations differ in their praise. 80
Mark how the swarthy Ethiop, fond of night,
Disdains the cheeks with blended roses bright,
And paints the fiends and Stygian furies white.
How did the servile flattering east commend
The nose high rising with an arched bend ; 85
When first that semblant form was fam'd to grace
The mighty Median monarch's warlike face,
Cyrus, whose hand did Asia's sceptre sway,
And taught the wealthy Croesus to obey ;
Wide o'er the Lydian realm he stretch'd his reign, 90
And bound the royal miser in his chain.
Here might my verse the fairest Gaul recount,
Here paint his flowing curls and spacious front.
Or here the tawny Spaniard might I trace,
His looks obscure describe, his gloomy grace, 95
And rusty blood diffus'd upon his dusky face.
Full of himself the pigmy form appears,
Swells to the clouds, and menaces the stars ;
Ee'n he, though by unhappy lot he lies
Beneath unkindly suns, and western skies, 100
Disdains the German, manly made and strong,
And calls the fashion of his arms too long ;

Prunes his hard visage up, and with a smile
Scorns the soft bloom of Britain's happy isle.

But say, my muse, whence things that seem so clear,
So doubtful to discording man appear ; 106
From happier times of old deduce thy verse,
And how it first befel, in order just rehearse.

When first this infant world its form put on,
When time and beauteous order first begun, 110
And rich with native grace the new creation shone ;

No wicked iron age as yet controll'd
The lustre of the pure primeval gold ;
Around heaven's azure arch, serenely bright,
Unfullied shone the sparkling gems of light ; 115

No fogs did then, no lazy vapours rise,
Nor with their dull pollution stain the skies ;
Through heaven's wide plains the glorious God of day,
Prince of the stars, unclouded held his way ;
While in her turn the silver Queen of night, 120
Successive roll'd her limpid orb of light.

The mother earth, adorn'd by what she bred,
With rocks, hills, trees, with fruits and flowers was
spread,

And every living thing on her green bosom fed.
The well digested mafs, untainted yet, 125
Did no rank streams nor pois'nous damps emit ;
But healthy spirits breathing from the ground,
Diffus'd their wholesome fragrances around.

'Twas then, in those good times for ever blest,
That happy man his innocence possess'd ; 130
When yet he had not learn'd in reason's spight,
Perverse to turn, and wander from the right,
Forlaking heaven's reveal'd, and nature's inborne light.

Then holy arts and priestcraft were unknown,
Religion then was simple, plain, and one ; 135
Lust had not kindled then her guilty flame,
Ambition had not cheated fools with fame,
Nor vex'd the world with honour's angry name.

Nor was the form of man beneath his soul,
But equal, proper beauties grac'd the whole. 140

Then temperance, just goddess, did prevail,
 And rightly held creating nature's scale,
 Dispos'd the several parts with prudent care,
 And form'd with nicest symmetry the fair.
 Then was the reign of beauty in mankind, 145
 Then universal empress, well she join'd
 The faultless body and the blameless mind.

Soon as great Jove, from high Olympus' brow,
 Beheld the sacred harmony below,
 Add we one master-piece of art, he said, 150
 Earth, heaven, and all ye gods afford your aid,
 Your each perfection join, and form one lovely maid.
 He spoke, and strait obedient to his word,
 Each willing species to the work concurr'd ;
 The crystal orbs of æther first prepare 155
 The limbs and substance for the future fair,
 While the sun curl'd his beams and hung them for her
 hair.

Her front, like marble smooth, like lilies white,
 Fair Cynthia luster'd o'er with silver light ;
 Upon her cheeks Aurora roses spread, 160
 And dy'd them in the morning's brightest red ;
 Venus the sweetly charming smile impress'd,
 And her soft lips with balmy pleasures bless'd :
 While Love, the god himself, o'er all the mass,
 Dancing delightful, shew'd his heavenly face, 165
 Led on the laughing Joys, and every sister Grace.
 Thus form'd, thus finish'd out the beauteous whole,
 Creating Jove infus'd the living soul ;
 And since from every god the graces came,
 He bade Pandora be the fair one's name. 170
 Then bending kindly down his gracious look,
 Thus to the new-made nymph the Almighty Father
 spoke.

Daughter of gods descend, thou work divine,
 Vouchsafe on earth, celestial fair, to shine,
 Diffuse the blessings of thy radiant face, 175
 And cheer the labours of the mortal race :

For thus the gods, thus Jove's high will ordains,
While man his native innocence retains ;
Be thou his blifs, his great reward be thou,
Thy full perfection, heaven's fair pattern show, 180
And teach him by thyself thy native skies to know.
But oh ! if pity touch thy tender breast,
If for mankind thy care would be exprefs'd,
Keep close this fatal casket I bestow,
Nor seek the secrets lodg'd within to know. 185
If thy frail hand, too curious, should incline
To pry, and disobey the will divine,
Strait forth ten thousand winged plagues shall fly,
And scatter swift contagion through the sky.
Thee too, thou fairest, shall the ruin seize, 190
Pain shalt thou feel, and languish with disease ;
Deformity thy lovely looks shall blast,
And foul pollution lay thy beauties waste.

He said : and downward swift she bent her flight,
To spread around on earth the beams of beauty's light.
Nor did she there with Epimetheus dwell, 196
Shut up and cloister'd in a lonely cell,
As old Greek tales of dreaming Hesiod tell.
But bounteous of delight and unconfin'd,
She made the blessing common to mankind, 200
Design'd a public good still passing on,
On undistinguish'd crowds alike she shone.
The stupid herd with pleasing dread amaz'd,
Dumb with attention, stood, and gladsome gaz'd ;
Some ravish'd with her mien so graceful were, 205
Some with the ringlets of her amber hair,
Some with her iv'ry front, and face so heavenly fair.
From her each part ambrosial odours flow'd,
And breath'd a balmy blessing on the crowd :
While her bright eyes (which scarce the muse had told,
Unless by sacred inspiration bold) 211
With light effulgent, darted forth a ray,
That cheer'd mankind, and made the world look gay.
So when Aurora in the rosy east,
Lifts her fair head, with radiant honours dress'd, 215

O'er nature's face a various smile she spreads,
And paints a-new the fields and flow'ry meads,
Ten thousand colour'd eyes her beams unfold,
The limpid stream in silver waves is roll'd,
And all the green-wood shade is burnish'd o'er with
gold. 220

Such beauty was in our first father's time,
While yet the youthful world was in its prime;
The mingling graces of the sexes met,
And full perfection made the form complete;
While man yet free from avarice or pride, 225
The ways of wickedness had never try'd,
Nor warping from the right, perversely turn'd aside.

But when pernicious change invading spread,
And error blind mistaken reason led,
The swift contagion reach'd the lovely maid. 230
Pandora tainted by an impious age,
Pursu'd each fond desire, and each fantastic rage:
Curious to know, the box disturb'd her rest,
Jove's hard commands sat heavy on her breast,
And woman, woman the frail nymph confess: 235
Resolv'd at length, whatever Jove forbid,
She eas'd her longing mind, and broke the lid:
When steaming, strait a deadly vapour rose,
Long trains of waiting plagues it did disclose,
Diseases, miseries, and mortal woes. 240

First the fell poison seiz'd the curious maid,
First on her youth, her blooming roses prey'd;
Her eyes no more their starry fires could boast,
But dim and dull in cloudy mists were lost;
No part was left untainted in the whole, 245
But all that once was fair, was loathsome now and foul.
Nor stopp'd the ruin with the wretched maid,
But growing still, around diffusive stray'd;
Error, disease, and death, like victors dread,
Wide-wasting o'er the world their legions spread, 250
And vanquish'd minds and bodies captive led.
Hid in deep shades benighted reason lay,
Shut from the beams of truth's ethereal day.

From that said æra ignorance begun,
 Thence a dull train of doubting ages run, 255
 And beauty's sacred form remains unknown.
 Oh then, to guide the wand'ring muse aright,
 To pierce the shades of this substantial night ;
 Phœbus be kind, to thee for aid we bow,
 Thou joy of gods above and men below ! 260
 Patron of verse, and ruler of the day,
 Do thou shoot swift before thy golden ray,
 At once inspire her flight, and point her out the way.

Though all around the wide contagion spread,
 Like streams far stretching from some fatal head ; 265
 Yet was it various in its baleful course,
 And now renew'd, and now repress'd its force.
 Where round the poles the frozen circles turn,
 Or where near neighb'ring suns too fiercely burn,
 There nature's shame, mishapen forms abound, 270
 And monsters people the devoted ground.
 Far in the north where winter's hoary bed
 Is with eternal snows and ice dispread ;
 Or where the fam'd Magellan's southern tide
 Does barbarous Patagonian shores divide ; 275
 Nations deform'd, fierce savage tribes are seen,
 Of bulk unwieldy and gigantic mien ;
 Each a huge heavy lazy mass of might,
 Unfit for use, and loathsome to the sight :
 While in the regions of the burning zone, 280
 No visage but the sooty black is known ;
 Short woolly locks their horrid fronts embrace,
 Thick lips grin fearful with a fiend-like grace,
 And night, the beldam, broods on each barbarian face.

Nor here unfitly to my verse belong, 285
 Arts which were once the princely Arab's song.
 Long since the bard in native numbers taught,
 How the mid globe, with temp'rate regions fraught,
 Feels not the dire extremes of cold and hot ;
 Where in the midst the just equator lies, 290
 Sweet is the air, and undisturb'd the skies,
 There, heaven's bright scale well blended seasons weighs,

Nature the poles at equal distance lays,
 And righteously divides the nights and days :
 There nor the sun's bright flames malignant burn, 295
 Nor chilly moons with nipping frosts return ;
 Thence, with luxurious births each pregnant year,
 Twin seasons does, and double plenties bear :
 Thrice, yellow Ceres crowns the summer fields,
 And twice his rich increase ripe Autumn yields. 300
 Twice gentle Winter comes with sober grace,
 And twice the blooming Spring renews her bliss-
 ful face.

Here, if aright the poet's song divin'd,
 The justest forms of beauty might we find
 From constitutions rightly temper'd, here 305
 Fair Harmony and Order should appear,
 And all mankind be lovely like the year.
 But the known clime must o'er the verse prevail,
 And truth refute the false Arabian tale :
 Since black Deformity usurps alone 310
 The sultry regions of the torrid zone,
 The fiery god too near them runs his race,
 And leaves his sooty marks on every hideous face.

Then, Oh my muse, forsake the scorching line,
 And to the cooler pole thy flight incline ; 315
 Seek in the midway space some balmy air,
 A land delightful, and a people fair ;
 Where beauty long her residence has plac'd,
 And reign'd in sovereign state for ages past.
 Nor cease thy curious search, nor yet remain 320
 Fix'd in warm Italy, or swarthy Spain :
 till spread thy wing, and reach that happy coast,
 Where Europe does her fav'rite country boast,
 Where sweetest airs, and kindest heavens she yields
 Where Gallia spreads her fair Elysian fields. 325
 But thee, Turonia, chief I would select,
 Thy pleasing soil with various prospect deck'd,
 Where winding vales run rich with frequent rills,
 And verdant plains are crown'd with rising hills,

Where gentle Liger slowly seeks the sea,
 Scatt'ring full plenty in his peaceful way,
 Where near proud Angier's walls his waves are roll'd,
 And through their crystal clear display the sandy gold.
 Here lovely maids of form divine abound,
 With ev'ry grace and just perfection crown'd ; 335
 Here still the marks of heaven's first work they wear,
 And, like the first Pandora, still are faultless fair.

Mark how their statutes due proportion know,
 Nor rise too high, nor sink too meanly low ;
 No meagre bony jaws deform the face, 340
 Nor puffy sides the taper shape disgrace,
 But ev'ry part alike becomes its place.
 Behold how lovely smooth the forehead shines,
 How milky white the soft descent inclines,
 How fitly to the sparkling eyes it joins ! 345
 While gaily pleasing they, and sweetly bright,
 Fill each beholder's heart with dear delight.
 See on the blooming cheeks, so freshly spread,
 So duly mixt, the native white and red ;
 Mark what full roses on the lips appear, 350
 What sweets they breathe, what balmy dew they wear ?
 But lost and endless were my pain, to trace
 The vast infinity of beauty's grace :
 Why should the muse in lavish numbers speak
 The golden tresses, or the iv'ry neck ? 355
 Why should the bashful nymph attempt to tell,
 What soft round globes on rising bosoms swell ?
 What secret charms—Since modesty denies,
 And bars the bold access of wanton eyes ;
 Blushing, with decent grace her veil she draws, 360
 And shields the fair from shame by custom's rev'rend
 laws.

Nor do we less our manly beauty boast,
 Prov'd often to the love-sick virgin's cost ;
 In either sex, her skill, dame nature shows,
 And equally her fairest gifts bestows. 365
 Mark when the downy plumes at first begin
 To promise early manhood on his chin ;

How goodly grac'd the rising youth is seen,
 His form how noble, and how great his mien ;
 From vital juices well and kindly mix'd, 370
 The constitution just and firmly fix'd ;
 No meagre pale, upon his visage spread,
 Taints with unwholesome hue the native red ;
 But healthy, sanguine, of the Tyrian dye,
 Laughs in his looks, while from his front on high, 375
 In large descending locks his auburn tresses fly.
 Nor boast his other parts less grace divine,
 Sweet loveliness with comely strength combine,
 Each limb on well compacted muscles turns,
 And just proportion the fair whole adorns. 380
 Such equal tempers happy Gallia knows,
 Such are the forms our kinder heaven bestows.
 Far from the clime where sultry suns arise,
 Far from the wintry north's inclement skies,
 In the mid-space the queen of nations lies ; 385
 With softest airs, with sweetest is she blest,
 And gentle heats brood on her balmy breast.
 If then the genial arts thou seek to know,
 Attend to what the skilful muse can show,
 Sweet are her sacred rules, and tunefully they flow. 390
 " Not every man or woman was design'd
 " To propagate and multiply their kind ;
 " Forbid we rightly the deform'd and foul,
 " To clothe with ill-shap'd limbs the heavenly soul."
 Has not the poet's song divinely told 395
 Of births detested in the days of old ?
 How dreadful Phlegeton did night invade,
 Comprest the beldam in her own dire shade ?
 Hence sprung the sisters (horrible to sight !)
 Whose hellish heads with hissing snakes affright. 400
 Who shudders not at Pluto's odious bed ?
 What virgin would a one-ey'd Cyclops wed ?
 Were I to judge, no vulcan e'er should prove
 A horrid husband to the queen of love,
 Some fitter task his barren age should find, 405
 In hamm'ring bolts for Jove to plague mankind.

Doom'd to old *Ætna*'s forge he should remain,
And drudge out dull immortal years in vain.

But he who judges right of what is fair,
With healthy sons will healthy daughters pair: 410
As unperforming uselefs drones, will drive
The weak and sickly from the marriage hive ;
Whether a man, by frequent visits, feel
The gnawing torments of the gouty ill ;
Or sudden epilepsies seize his mind, 415
Or bilious cholic rack his breast with wind ;
Or on his wasted lungs an ulcer prey,
Or a consumption lingeringly betray
His pining life, and murder by delay.

For, man's new curious system to compose, 420
An equal portion every limb bestows,
From every nerve collected nature flows :
Whence by traduction from the father run
Ill habitudes, entail'd upon the son ;
'The latent poison in the bowels grows, 425
And propagates a family of woes.
How oft do men their ill-star'd birth bewail,
Condemn'd to a diseaseful body's jail !
How oft with vain complaints they load the skies,
And guiltless gods accuse with fruitless cries ! 430
When the true cause of their repeated blame,
From a distemper'd feeble marriage came.
Let then a healthy bridegroom and a bride
Be in connubial leagues of love ally'd ;
If they desire that future times should know 435
To what a lovely origin they owe
A race of men, for all that's generous born,
Or to defend their country, or adorn.
The prudent farmers, who of heaven implore
A plenteous harvest, and increasing store ; 440
The finest of their wheat for seed retain,
Nor sow their acres with corrupted grain.
Hence loaded fields their annual wealth unfold,
And smiling Ceres waves in sheafy gold.

Thus lab'ring hinds, for a rich crop of corn, 445
Improve their ground, while you neglect with scorn
The grateful soil, from whence mankind is born :
Unwilling, or unmindful, to produce
From a hale body, pure and generous juice ;
Which in clear channels may unblended run, 450
From the bright father to the brighter son.
Is then the price of man no better known,
Or God, who form'd thy image from his own ?
Cannot that soul which does with art survey
The stars, and travels o'er the milky way, 455
Erect thy spirits, and refine thy clay ?
Does sloth supine in such strong fetters bind
Your abject sense, and make you less inclin'd
To found a beauteous temple for th' ethereal mind ?
Ye gods, who to a human birth repair, 460
And watch the cradle with a guardians care,
From nuptial banes exclude a weakly pair ;
Lest execrations from their children's throat,
Their wretched parents to the fiends devote.
And thou, great Father of all human race, 465
Whose hand preserves this globe in strict embrace,
No longer let the wicked custom reign,
Nor the just beauty of thy labour stain.
Let a new genius from the skies descend
With better nature, and mankind befriend : 470
Who may this theme with well wrote rules adorn,
And give instruction to an age unborn.
Nor is't enough that marriages agree
In mutual vigour, and from sickness free ;
If you desire an offspring, you must learn 475
Another lesson of the first concern.
The nuptial knot should be with equals ty'd,
No sanguine bridegroom to a sapless bride ;
Nor should a bloomy nymph entomb her charms
In an old husband's monumental arms. 480
Hymen will such an ill-yok'd couple blame,
And Juno kindle an unhappy flame :

Alecto, frowning on the luckless pair,
 Shakes her sulphureous torch, and snaky hair.
 See how young Chloe, keen with strong desires, 485
 From her old wither'd spouse with scorn retires,
 His frigid kisses shuns, and languid fires;
 With frequent tears bedews her face, and quits
 Her idle drudge, and the detested sheets.
 Thee, happy Atys, Rhea from above 490
 Pursu'd with chaste desires, and honest love.
 Had th' antiquated goddess thee caress'd,
 And with cold kisses in her bosom press'd,
 Thy wasting youth had found its certain doom,
 Unfinew'd of his strength and springing bloom. 495
 For the dull dryness of old age desires
 More aliment to feed its dying fires,
 And lusty nature's whole vivific stock requires.
 So ever burning sands in Libyan plains,
 Suck in with greedy thirst the falling rains; 500
 And still unsated with the watry store,
 Their drought increasing, make demands for more.
 Yet more from discord of unequal seed,
 When youth and age are coupled for the breed,
 Diseases in a sickly train proceed. 505
 And if at last a weakly offspring's born,
 How oft his wretched being will he mourn;
 How oft a life in misery extend,
 Unuseful to his country, or his friend?
 Nor can we here forget the modish crime,
 Which flights the rules of our instructing rhyme: 510
 How ill-advising thirst of gold supplies
 The want of passion, and perverts our eyes;
 Which to a face superior and divine
 Prefers the monarch's image on the coin:
 How, fashionably vain, large portions prove 515
 Rebellious subjects to commanding love:
 For if the chests of a rich father hold;
 The sacred load of writings, or of gold;
 If he can jointure a consenting mate
 With the gay ruin of a vast estate; 520

Blind with the shining hopes, each nymph will run
 With proffer'd beauty to the charming son,
 While the fond parents wish her wealthily undone :
 Though the pale wretch with sure contagion kills,
 Infected with an hospital of ills, 525
 And every vile disease which crowds the weekly bills :
 Though pining in the last decline of life,
 A fruitless burden to his longing wife.
 How hard her fate, who in her youthful pride,
 Finds a dry monster snoring by her side, 530
 A married virgin she, and widow'd bride!
 Of her lost bloom how oft will she complain,
 And wet the joyless sheets with nightly rain !
 How will she childless mourn ! or what is worse,
 Loathe her detested race, a heavier curse ! 535
 Besides, if prompted by her strong desires,
 She seeks new springs to cool her wanton fires ;
 If wand'ring in the search of bliss she flies,
 To seek what her enervate drudge denies ;
 (For who would wish a loathsome joy to prove, 340
 Or languish in the arms of sickly love ?)
 What rank adulteries thy house will stain,
 And crowd it with a long promiscuous train,
 Which thou, good-natur'd cuckold, must maintain !
 'Tis true the boy, not thine, will bear thy name, 545
 Though twenty fathers have a better claim.
 Here shall his features, and his mien express
 A baronet, and there his groom confess :
 Here a young colonel's warlike look, or there
 A sneaking citizen's submissive air. 550
 Then shall the hoarded fums, and glittering heap,
 Which thou hast laboured anxiously to keep ;
 Then shall the acres of thy rented ground,
 The flocks and herds with which thy fields abound,
 All which to thee by long descent have run, 555
 Be spent in riot by a spurious son.
 Nor does a private family alone
 Beneath the mischief of this poison groan ;

In palaces the growing evil spreads,
 And impudently climbs imperial beds : 560
 When kings, enfeebled by luxurious ease,
 Or latent seeds of some uncur'd disease,
 By the warm sides of youthful comforts freeze ;
 No longer now at the soft anvil sweat,
 Too impotent to govern or beget. 565
 Hence infants sometimes may a kingdom guide,
 Though royal only by the mother's side :
 Hence the deluded fire's oblig'd to own
 The doubted offspring of a blood unknown,
 And willingly adopts the bastard to his throne. 570
 Nor is our sex less faulty than the fair ;
 Alike we fall within the golden snare :
 For if a matron's fortune can supply
 The want of each endearing quality ;
 Though fitter for a tomb than bridal bed, 575
 Though time sits hoary on her shaking head ;
 Though from her eyes the brackish humour breaks,
 And trickles down the furrows of her cheeks ;
 Though here and there a straggling tooth is set,
 A thin plantation, and deform'd with jet ; 580
 Though husky coughs make an ungrateful din,
 And phthysics rattle from her lungs within :
 Yet if this complicated ill desire
 With Hymen's torch to light her dying fire ;
 If for connubial joys enrag'd she thirst, 585
 To sate her greedy and impetuous lust ;
 Some younger brother will perhaps incline
 To pay his homage at her golden shrine :
 Who with dissembled love will fondly run
 To kiss the wither'd wealthy skeleton ; 590
 Will fold the beldam in his arms to rest,
 And with dissembled joy pant on her leathern breast.
 But ah ! this husband of a large estate
 Soon flags, and turns by quick degrees to hate ;
 Quits the dull carcase of the nauseous dame, 595
 Slights her dry embers for a brisker flame,
 And seeks with eager heat a nobler game :
 M

Some tender yielding maids he longs to prove,
Or some co-eval wife's unlawful love;
While, single, his neglected consort lies, 600
And wastes the joyless night in empty sighs.
Hence tears, preluding to destructive jars,
And sad complaints to unassisting stars!
Hence deep resentments rack her jealous head,
For her wrong'd honour, and deserted bed! 605
Hence study of revenge her love repels,
And all the woman rises and rebels!
In wicked arts and deadly drugs she deals,
And with dissembled duty rage conceals:
While careless he, and indolent of thought, 610
Drinks sure destruction in some fatal draught.

Did not the tenets of religion bind
To sacred counsels my obedient mind,
Love should be liking; nor the nuptial league
Be ty'd by compact, or design'd intrigue 615
Of selfish parents, who in wedlock join
Their sons, to raise their wealth, and not their line.
For should wise nature, for the Cyprian joys,
Direct a couple in their mutual choice,
They would by reason, not by custom led, 620
Ne'er tie a living body to a dead.
Be banish'd then, unfit for amorous sport,
The fribling dotard from the Paphian court:
Let youth their strength on youth alone employ,
And burn with equal love and healthy joy, 625
To propagate mankind and people earth
With a sound offspring and a generous birth.

Nor, while I dictate these important truths,
Grateful to maidens and unmarried youths,
Would I to an extreme as bad incline, 630
And beardless boys with unfledg'd virgins join,
New to a blush, and fond without design.
For prudent nature, who has then began
To knit the joints, and to confirm the man,
Has not as yet her genial power distill'd, 635
Nor with prolific juice the vessels fill'd.

If then a damsel, who designs to wed,
Would reap the pleasures of the nuptial bed;
Let her (for Themis these strict rules ordains,
To curb too forward nymphs, and eager swains) 640
Expect with patience, till the rolling sun
Has twice six times his annual journey run;
Till her maturing years begin to bloom,
And promise early offspring to the womb.
For when the swelling mass is firmly knit, 645
And the ripe virgin glows with perfect heat;
Then rosy streams from secret springs abound,
Which kindly bathe the fruitful womb around;
By nature's prudent care provided well,
To feed the sleeping infant in his cell: 650
Then her soft breasts the lover's heart inspire
With tempting heavings, and provoke desire.
So should the youth attend, till time begin
With mossy down to clothe and fledge the chin;
Till the firm channels swell with vigorous blood, 655
And roll, impetuous, a prolific flood.
'Then, if kind Juno his endeavours blest,
He safely may the wedded fair caress,
And venture on love's soft and close recess.
If youths and virgins would these rules obey, 660
And wisely follow where I chalk the way,
What beauteous blossoms would their labours bring?
What fruits would in the bridal chamber spring?
Would they with equal constitutions join,
Man would be all harmonious, all divine, 665
And angels' heavenly looks would in God's image shine.
Mean time, while lab'ring in this pleasing art,
The sacred laws of nature I impart;
While to the married pair the willing muse
Gives sound instructions of important use: 670
Lo! a young hero of imperial race,
With early manhood and superior grace,
Mounts the paternal throne of France, and brings
New glory to the blood from whence he springs,
The worthy successor of ancient kings. 675

Lewis ! Heav'n's darling offspring, from above
 Sent to command with equity and love ;
 By wholesome laws the factious world to bind,
 And be a present succour to mankind.
 What royal mien ! What mingled graces rise 680
 In every part, and lighten from his eyes !
 What majesty of soul, aspiring to the skies !
 A thousand goddesses admire his charms,
 His princely air a thousand nymphs alarms,
 A thousand sighs they send, to languish in his arms. 685
 Him the bright nymph of Austria's blood adores,
 Who burns where Tagus gilds Iberian shores ;
 The gentle winds tell every secret groan,
 And waft her wishes to the Gallic throne.
 If, mighty prince, thou to the match incline, 690
 Spain and her Indian treasures shall be thine.
 For thee the tender Lusitanian dame
 Consumes, and rivals the Hesperian flame.
 For thee she pines ; for thee the beauties glow,
 Which drink the German Rhine and Latian Po. 695
 All stung alike, and emulous to tread
 The bridal room, and mount thy lofty bed.

But thou ! the hope of the Bourbonian line,
 A foreign Hymen's sacred torch decline.
 Of those refulgent stars which crowd our sky, 700
 And sparkle in the Celtic galaxy,
 A hundred beauties in thy court are seen,
 Deserving the high title of thy queen ;
 On whose fair birth, a planet, like thy own,
 With friendly influence, propitious shone ; 705
 Whence kindly seeds arise, and kisses not unknown.
 Nor be to fond desires so blindly lost,
 To choose a nymph, whom turbid Tyber's coast
 Or whom Ausonio's petty princes boast.
 Nor, mindless of the blood which swells each vein, 710
 Admit, as consort of thy glorious reign,
 Such humble births, a mean degenerate strain.

Consult thy royalty with nicest care,
 And fix with judgment on the chosen fair,
 Worthy to languish by a monarch's side;
 Nor sue by proxy to an absent bride.
 Survey in person the delicious prize,
 And drink in love at thy own piercing eyes:
 Demand her person on a double score,
 Much for her beauty, for her virtue more.
 Mad custom! where a queen is led to climb
 (Unseen before) the royal bed sublime:
 Where kings are guided by another's voice,
 And follow blindfold the deputed choice.
 Be this thy first and latest wish, to prove,
 In filken chains of matrimonial love,
 Some charming heroine of high descent,
 The partner of thy breast and government:
 From whose celestial loins may spring an heir,
 Great, like his father; like his mother, fair:
 Whose native charms with an engaging art,
 Win the glad soul, and steal upon the heart.
 The conscious people willingly obey
 Whene'er designing destiny makes way
 By manly beauty to imperial sway;
 When they behold a royal infant born,
 Whose starry temples shall the crown adorn.
 Where is the mighty gain, that from a stem
 Of kings, a Juno share thy diadem?
 If you attempt th' embraces of a queen
 In body foul, with swarthy cheeks obscene;
 How will she damp thy flames, thy pleasures cloy?
 What love can she inspire? what real joy?
 What just materials bring for thy succeeding boy?
 Unfit for sceptres, his unprincely face,
 Abhorring from the brightness of thy race,
 Thy subjects shall pervert, thy throne disgrace.
 Nor is the secret to the muse unknown,
 How courts, to frequent wantonnesses prone,

By loose desires and high examples led, 750
Stain the chaste honours of the royal bed.

How a young monarch, to his queen unjust,
Oft licenses the fashionable lust.

So in Olympus once, adult'rous Jove
Left his loth'd Juno for a human love : 755

In earth and heaven his spurious offspring sow'd,
Profusely scatter'd his immortal blood,

And stock'd the sky with a promiscuous brood.

Great fire, abandon this opprobrious life,
Contented with a lov'd, and loving wife. 760

Let the pure issue of unspotted flames

Thy sceptre wield, and shun lascivious dames.

But if my private muse, without offence,

May freely utter her impartial sense ;

There might be found a more adapted mate, 765

Of higher virtues, though of humbler state :

Who with requiting fires thy fires would meet,

Of temper equal, and of form complete ;

Whose looks might soften and unbend thy care,

And ease the burden of the gold you wear. 770

Others, who court alliance to thy throne,

Seek but to strengthen, and secure their own :

So the weak branches of the tender vine

In circling folds the married elm entwine.

But kings, who to themselves their grandeur owe, 775

Self-balanc'd, on unmov'd foundations grow :

Safe in their people's strength, from princes near

They seek no succours, and no forces fear.

But while we wait, from what celestial worth,

From what great princess of exalted birth, 780

New Cæsars shall arise to rule the Gallic earth :

Me, Phœbus, guide with thy informing light,

While useful laws for husbands I indite ;

Smile on my pleasing toil, and aid my daring flight.

THE END.

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